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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RICKEY'S BASEBALL IDEAS

Sirs:

It's high time we had a good combined system of rating the proficiency of ballplayers ("Goodby to Some Old Baseball Ideas," LIFE, Aug. 2). It is a big improvement over the present-day system of the individual home run, runs batted in and batting percentage leaders....

ROBERT M. ROAN

Glen Olden, Pa.

Sirs:

People go to ball games to see beauty. The game's appeal lies in its ability to compel frequent demonstrations of personal genius, or "clutch," as Branch Rickey puts it. Two events are supremely beautiful: the strikeout and the home run. Each is a difficult and unlikely thing flawlessly achieved before your eyes.

Rickey's statistics reveal truths fairly well known to all fans, including kids. But the important factor in baseball is who's involved, how he's involved, or who's on first. Statistics only make life seem statistical, which apparently it is not. It is probably personal and anarchist like a double play. . . .

The game is a major achievement of the human race. It is the whole human contest placed upon a small perfectly-designed field, and oversimplified into a dancelike ritual. . . . Its best friends are art and religion, not science.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Malibu, Calif.

Sirs:

On page 81 Branch Rickey writes:
"... (last year) the inept St. Louis
Browns scored with only 30% of its
base runners."

On page 85 he says that the average for the league (American) was 31%.

Why is the difference between the average and last-place ineptitude only 1%.

FRED SHARRING

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

● The 31% listed for the American League includes only earned runs that were allowed by opposing pitchers. The 30% figure for the Browns embraces earned and unearned runs. The American League actually scored with 34.8% of its base runners.—ED.

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Give to your newsdealer or to your local subscription representative or mail to LIFE, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, III. L-3434 Sirs:

... Here is my formula:

 $\frac{N + VP + W + S - BO}{OC}$

N=number of times name of favorite player or favorite team is mentioned during a hot stove league discussion; VP=voice power used in shouting their names; W=windage, used in determining the angle of fire of VP; S=number of supporters that can be mustered; BO=the opinion of anyone who has a better set of statistics in his favor; OC=the other claimant to the title of favorite player or team—the bum.

F. C. HUNTLEY

Arlington, Va.

FISHLIKE LIFE

Sirs:

I was thrilled to see the picture of my brother, Ed Fisher, prune-skinned or not ("Fishlike Life for 24 Hours," Life, Aug. 2). As kids we played in Dad's homemade pool (below) but Ed was afraid of the water then.



As for myself, I'm still in the water too, singing in By the Beautiful Sea, the Broadway musical starring Shirley Booth (Life, May 17).

LOLA FISHER

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Your editorial, "One Red Challenge We Should Not Meet" (LIFE, Aug. 2), should have been entitled "The Red Challenge We Can Meet."

Since 1920 I have attended every Olympic game either as a competitor, correspondent or official.

Ever since the modern Olympic games were revived in Athens in 1896 the American teams have always distinguished themselves. There is no official Olympic scoring system, but by every reasonable unofficial scoring system the United States has always won. This was true even in 1936 when the Nazis attempted to make propaganda by entering "souped-up" teams.

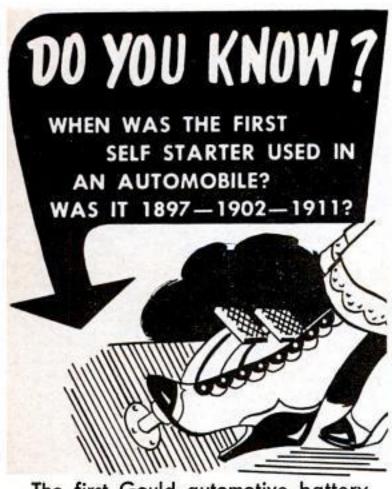
Now is certainly not the time to concede the 1956 games. We can win with an organized national effort. I saw a so-called invincible Russian team trounced at Helsinki in 1952, and I expect to see the victory of the U.S. team at Melbourne in 1956. . . .

EDWARD P. F. EGAN Chairman

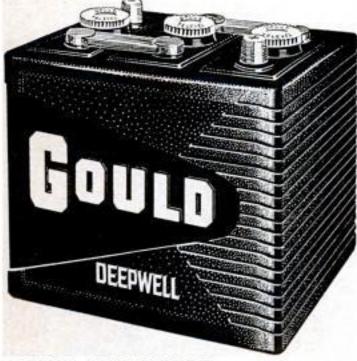
U.S. Olympic Finance Committee New York, N.Y.

● Life heartily shares Colonel Egan's will to win the 1956 Olympics, but also believes that Russian methods of forced mass training should not be adopted to achieve victory.—ED.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- CONTINUED .

VENETIAN GLASS

Sirs:

Your article, "Glass Revival in Venice" (Life, Aug. 2), reminded me of the masterpieces of the French glass designer Lalique. Lalique's "bijoux," as they are called, have never been surpassed.

CHARLES L. BOISSET

New Orleans, La.



CRYSTAL PLATE BY LALIQUE

FRESHMAN KILTS

Sirs:

These extra-brief skirts, allegedly based on Scottish kilts ("Freshman Year for Kilts," Life, Aug. 2), will provoke ribald laughter in Scotland.

The graceful, pleated female kilt in Scotland comes about four inches below the knees while the male kilt is shorter.

Rectangular patterns in skirts, knee-length or shorter, give women such a dumpy, belly-heavy appearance that no Scotswoman with any sense would wear a male-length kilt in public.

The male figure can carry a standard length kilt gracefully because of the relative narrowness of male hips. Few men, however, can wear kilts shorter than standard length without appearing unbalanced and comical. Hence the supershort kilts worn by stage Scotchmen in comedy roles. O, save us from coeds modeled after scotched comedians.

J. Graham McDonald Costa Mesa, Calif.



The kilts which LIFE pictured were based on Scottish models, and not intended to duplicate them. LIFE is not responsible for their effect, disastrous or otherwise, on the female form. But the above picture illustrates proper lengths for orthodox kilts, male and female. The female one is worn by Queen Elizabeth of England.—ED.

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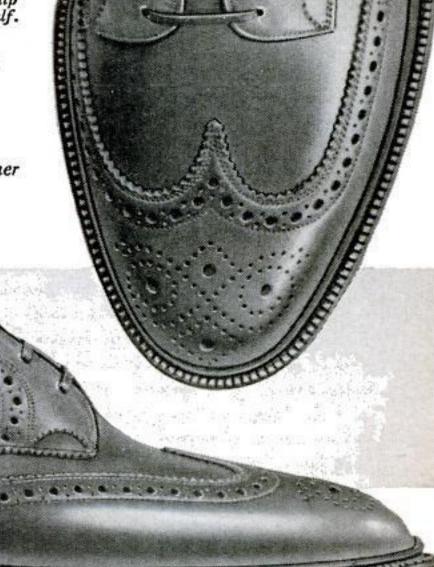
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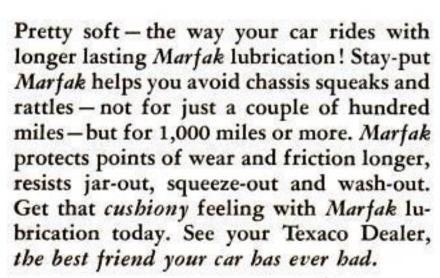




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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- CONTINUED -

TWISTED IN TRIPLICATE

Sirs:

This is how my daughters look when not "Twisted in Triplicate" as seen in your July 26th issue.

Mrs. Martin N. Delman Ozone Park, N.Y.



UNTWISTED TRIPLETS

GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE

Sirs:

Your picture of Kansas grasshoppers ("Hot Hoppers," Life, Aug. 2) reminded me of the Kansas grasshopper plague of 1874. Fruit season brought the most beautiful peaches I ever saw. The men were picking them when we heard horses' feet beating on the hard road. When the rider came in sight he yelled, "Get inside, the grasshoppers are coming." We made for the house. It began growing dark. We got the house closed up tightby now it was so dark we had to light the lamps. We stayed in all day trying to look through the windows. They were plastered with hoppers. Next morning those trees had nothing left on them but peach stones.

Mrs. Madge Creighton

Chicago, Ill.

LIFE'S LATIN

Sirs:

"O Tempore, O Mores" (LIFE contents page, Aug. 2) should be "O Tempora, O Mores," or else Latin has changed since I went to school. Vae tibi, VITA, quantum peccavisti!

F. WARREN WRIGHT

Northampton, Mass.

• Eheu! Vere peccavimus. O tempora, O mores!—ED.

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Excitement · Information





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And you've never known such a combination of comfort and control! Because it's all done with latex, lined with cloud-soft fabric—completely invisible

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Playtex is the only girdle in the world with *latex* on the outside, *fabric* on the inside. Whether you wear extrasmall or extra-large — see what a difference Playtex Magic-Controller makes on *your* figure! See it now.

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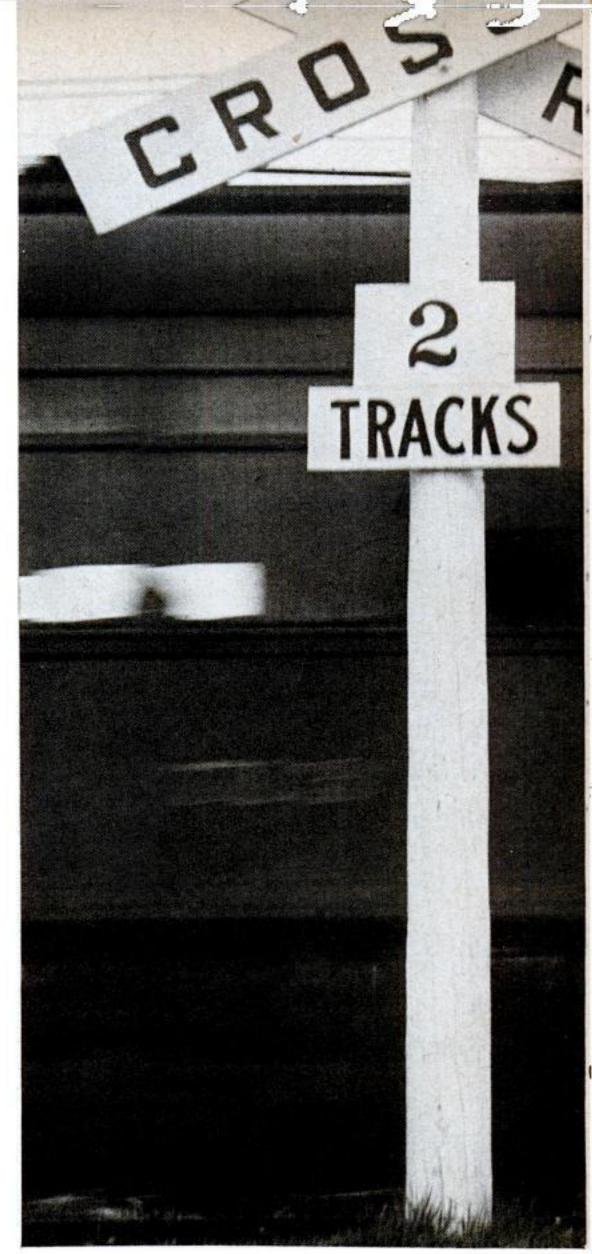
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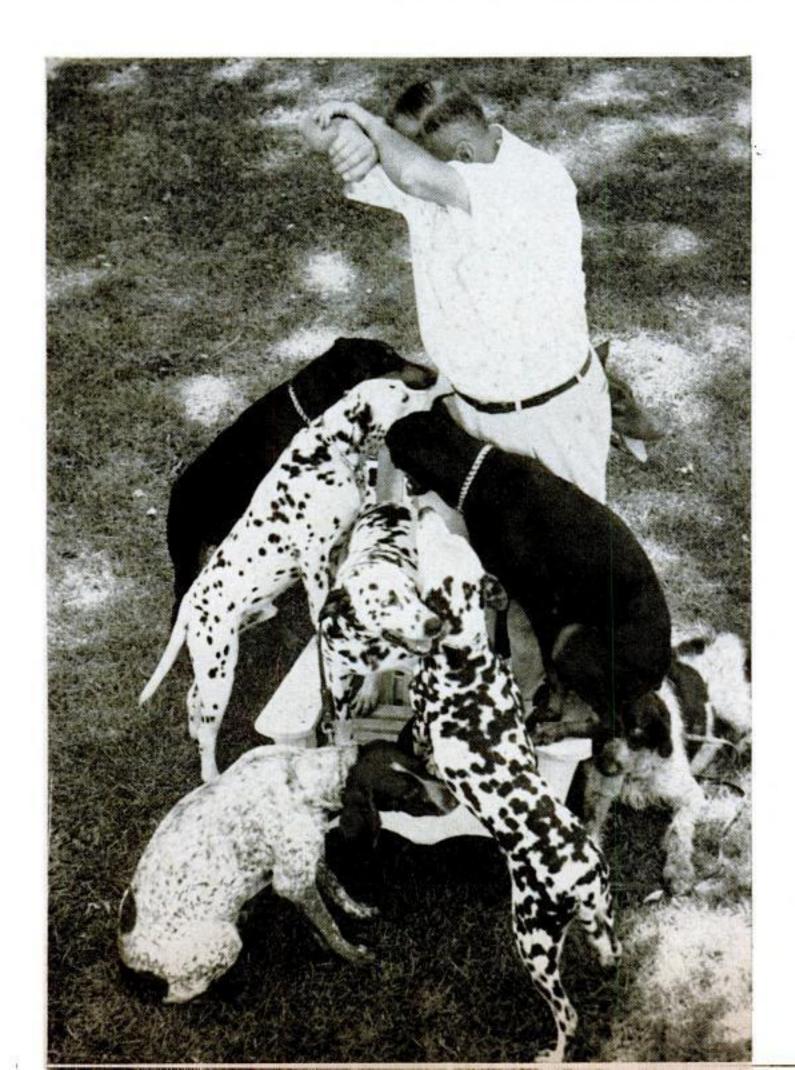
In Canada: Playtex Ltd. . . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Arnprior, Ont.



FIVE MINUTES FROM STATION



FAST, ON-TIME TRAINS



SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

Home builder has some fun and exercise kidding claims of real estate salesmen

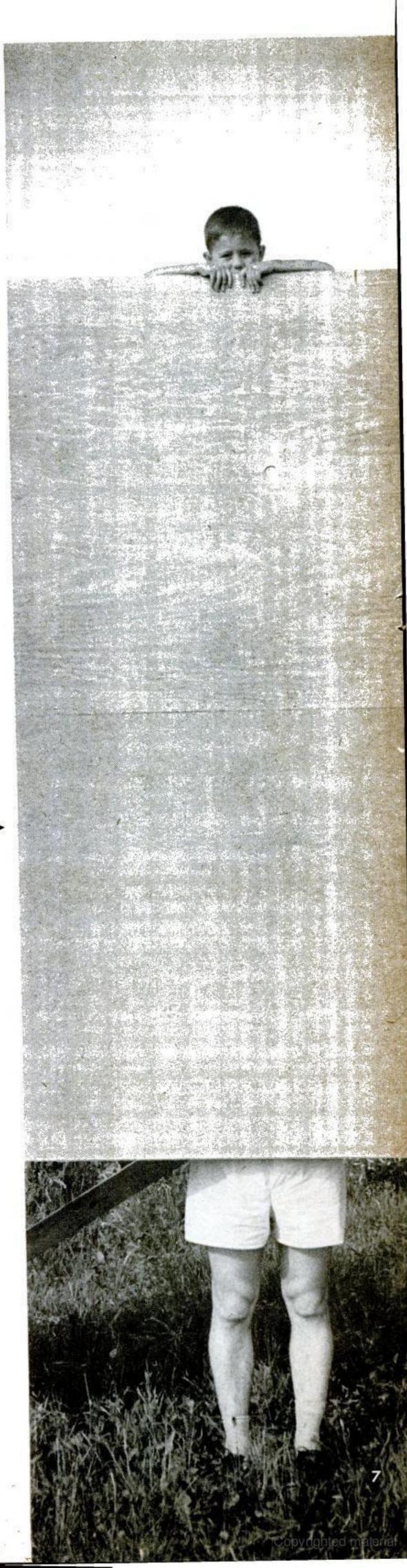
Chicago Photographer Archie Lieberman has for a long time noted that real estate salesmen occasionally exaggerate the merits of their housing developments. Seeing a chance for a funny story, last month he approached a builder named Anthony J. De Tomasi, who had put up a development in Mundelein, Ill., and asked if De Tomasi would go along with the gag. De Tomasi not only helped think up some of the sample come-on slogans (shown here under the pictures) used by eager salesmen but engagingly acted out each situation. Clad in a makeshift track suit De Tomasi got ready for a fast sprint to the station (above, left) but found that the fast, ontime train went right through (above, right). He showed how to stock a lake with fish and how to survive in a community filled with pets. De Tomasi hastens to explain that he doesn't exaggerate about the Mundelein project, pointing out that he has sold 170 homes and plans to build and sell 350 more.

PETS WELCOME





NEARBY LAKES WELL STOCKED WITH FISH



because all 3 MENNEN SHAVE CREAMS wilt toughest whiskers extra soft!



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Of course, when a motorist takes title to his Cadillac, he expects to find great pride in his new possession. But we doubt if ever he is fully prepared for the heart-lifting moments which await him behind the wheel.

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memory of his first journey home . . . and of the joyous welcome of family and friends.

There is his unending pride and joy in the car's great beauty and performance and mechanical perfection.

There is his deep-felt satisfaction at seeing his family surrounded with Cadillac's great comfort and safety and luxury.

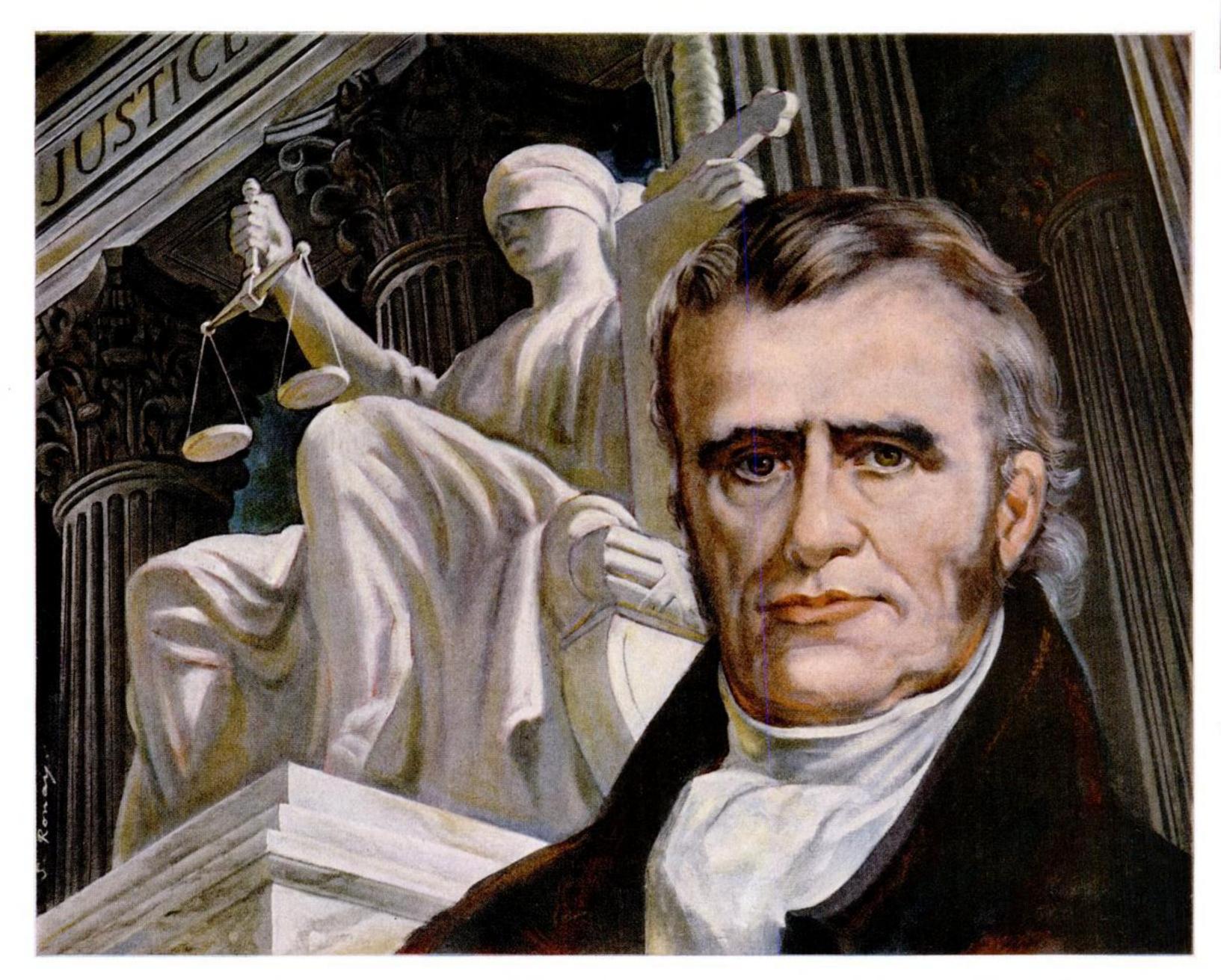
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In 1801 the Supreme Court was so weak that two Chief Justices had resigned because they couldn't see any future in it. No one even remembered to give it a room in the new Capitol. Then they made John Marshall Chief Justice. And the court has had dignity, and authority, and power ever since.

John Marshall just seemed to be born with an instinct for judging. His mind cut like a Bowie knife through the unimportant things right to the heart of a case. He walked the chalkline of impartiality with a sure, unwavering step. He had only one bias... his belief that we should be the *United* States of America. And he was convinced that the only thing that would keep us that way was the Constitution.

But in 1801 the Constitution was spanking new, and nobody was sure what it really said. It had to be drawn up big and broad to cover a lot of territory—and that left open places in its meaning. But John Marshall tightened it up fast.

In his first big case he ruled that the court could not accept the authority given it under a statute which it had declared unconstitutional. And in depriving the court of this small authority, he established a bigger one. For he had set the precedent that it was the job of the court to rule on the constitutionality of laws. And then in one brilliant decision after another John Marshall explained what our new Constitution *meant* when it said something. And he made his decisions so clear, and honest, and sensible that the country understood and agreed. Even today, when lawyers tell you what the Constitution says, they will use John Marshall's exact words.

As though it understood that it wouldn't be needed any more, the Liberty Bell cracked and went silent while tolling for John Marshall's death. We were left in good hands...a Constitution which now spelled out our rights, and a strong, respected court to see that those rights were never tampered with.

We've done some great things in America. But we've had our lucky breaks, too. And John Marshall was one of them.

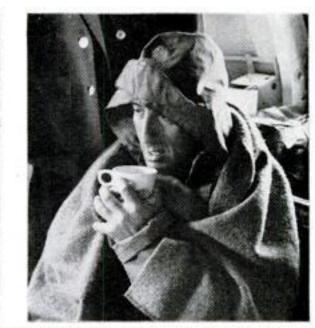
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HALSTEAD GETTING OLDER, TENNEY TALLER, EISENSTAEDT SMALL AND GETTING EVEN YOUNGER

BLESS 'EM ALL-THE YOUNG, SHORT AND TALL

Neither youth nor age has a monopoly on the gathering of news. Last week 17-year-old Dirck Halstead, 5 feet 10½ inches, who on his own initiative took the Guatemala City riot pictures (Life, Aug. 16) while on a vacation school-building project for a Presbyterian foundation, wrote breathlessly to his parents in Bedford, N.Y.: "Dear Folks-As I sit here at my typewriter pounding out this letter, I can hear gunfire in the distance and I can look across to where my cameras sit, and right in the middle of a set of lenses sits a steel helmet filled to the brim with 35-mm film. You guessed it-I'VE COVERED MY FIRST BATTLE!"

While Photographer Halstead was busy growing older in Guatemala, Life veteran Alfred Eisenstaedt, 5 feet 4 inches was showing increasing signs of his perpetual youth on a rugged trans-Canadian trip with Philip, Duke of Edinburgh (see cover and pp. 22-25). Wired TIME-LIFE Ottawa Correspondent Serrell Hillman, who went along too: "Eisie had certain inflexible habits. He got up every morning almost at dawn, then pounded me into consciousness. 'Come on boy,

get up, get up! Poor Eisie has to wait on you hand and foot!' "Eisenstaedt wrote religiously in his diary" continued Hillman, "occasionally dipped into Longfellow's Hiawatha, and so fascinated his mosquito-bitten, badly fed and bored fellow newsmen with his comic talent for discovering Gargantuan woes that they were able to endure their own. . . When he left the tour at Churchill it was just as well, since he was threatening to steal the show from the duke altogether. . . ."

And just to reassure readers that teen-agers and old masters have no corner on adventure, LIFE recently followed the U.S. Weather Bureau's recommendation for a man in good physical condition to withstand sudden atmospheric pressure changes by sending 6-foot 4-inch, 218-pound Gordon Tenney to cover an artificial cloud chamber in Hitchcock, Texas (pp. 79-82). Wired Tenney after being hoisted (above) on a 60-foot platform: "This assignment was one of losses: I lost a case of flashbulbs that disintegrated in too-fast decompression, lost some film due to radium radiation and lost five pounds in sweat while hanging off the floor in 110° heat."

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NEW <u>Greaseless</u> way to keep your hair neater all day

New Vitalis with V-7 relieves dryness, makes hair easy to manage

The gentleman above manages to keep his hair in excellent condition—and he does it without grease. When wind or water make his hair dry and unruly, he uses new Vitalis with V-7.

You'll find no animal, vegetable or mineral oil in new Vitalis. It keeps your hair neat with V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery.

You can use it often even every day

Greaseless Vitalis doesn't "pile up" on your hair. So you can use it as often as you like — even every day — yet never have an over-slick, plastered-down look. What's more, Vitalis gives you wonderful protection from dry, brittle hair and parched scalp — whether they're caused by outdoor exposure or your morning shower.

And tests show Vitalis kills on contact the germs many doctors associate with infectious dandruff—as no mere cream or oil dressing can.

So try new Vitalis with V-7! You'll like it. And ask your barber for a professional application. He's an expert on making your hair look its best.

"My hair is dry and stubborn so I use Vitalis every day."

Hear the Arthur Godfrey Digest, CBS Radio Network, Fridays, 8:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.



"TISSUE TEST" proves greaseless Vitalis outdates messy oils





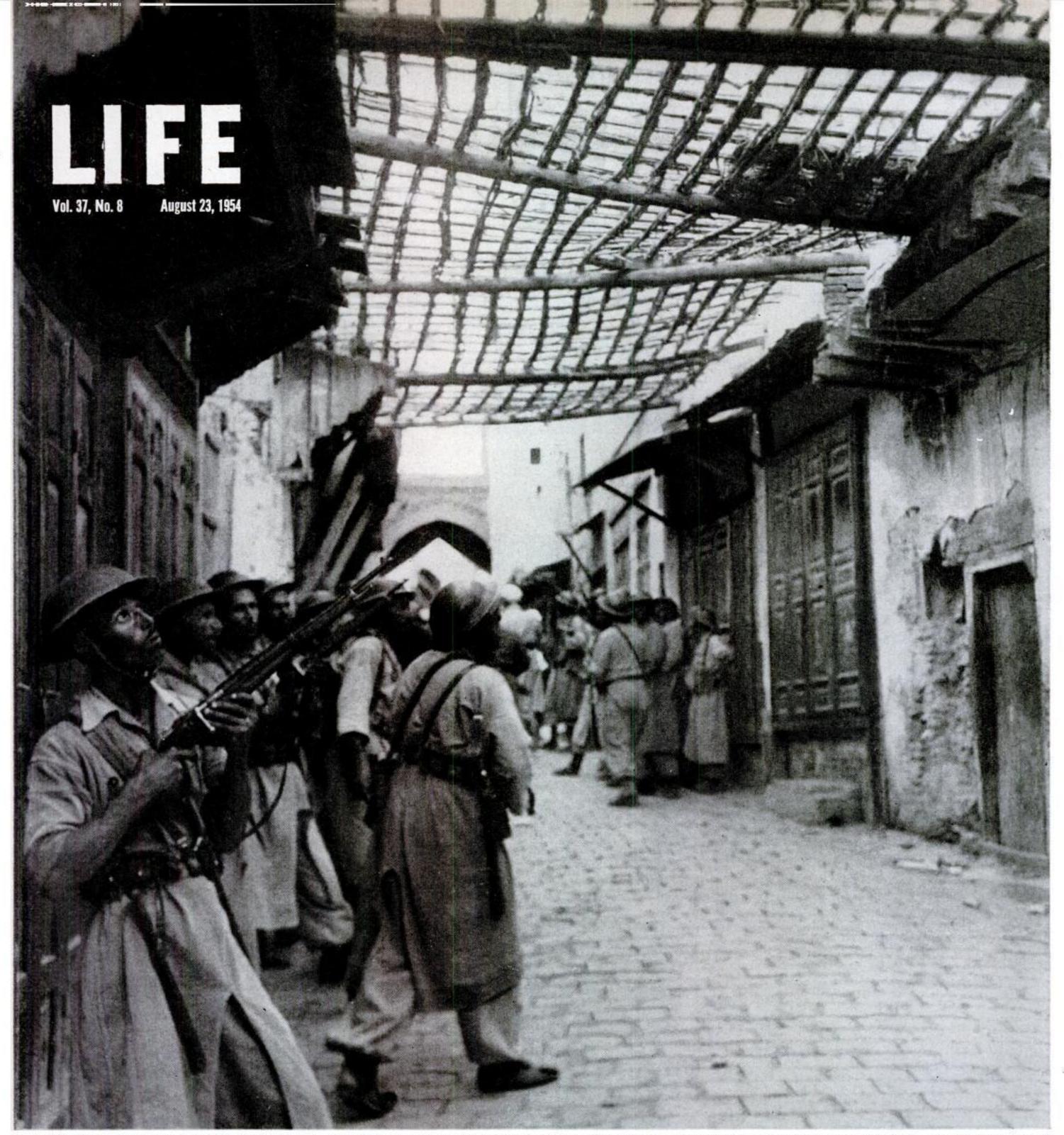
MESSY OILS

In an independent testing laboratory, Vitalis and leading cream and oil tonics were applied in the normal way. Hair was combed and then wiped with cleansing tissue. Unretouched photographs above show the difference in results!



NEW VITALIS® HAIR TONIC WITH V-7

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



IN FEZ'S MEDINA MEMBERS OF POLICE PATROL, HUNTING DOWN GRENADE-THROWING TERRORISTS, AIM RIFLES AT HIDING PLACE ABOVE OVERHEAD LATTICE

A CRISIS MURKY AS FEZ'S STREETS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS D. McAVOY AND JACK GAROFALO

Above clamorous French Morocco's babel last week rose the spasmodic crack of rifle fire. In the stinking streets of the native medinas—which in Fez, Casablanca and Port-Lyautey are the counterparts of Algiers' kasbah—August was a terror-filled "month of revenge." Moroccan nationalists, called the Istiqlal, ranged across the protectorate with daggers, hand grenades and placards to demand the return of deposed Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef. Before the police and French troops could subdue the rioters and restore a temporary

peace, 50 people were slain and 100 wounded.

The ugly flare-ups came as no great surprise. Ever since the French whisked Youssef out of his imperial palace in Rabat a year ago and exiled him to Madagascar with 21 of his favorite concubines, the Istiqlal party has made him a symbol of its struggle for Moroccan independence. Twice terrorists tried to assassinate Youssef's aged successor, Sultan Sidi Mohammed Moulay el Arafa, who was installed by the French. In turn the French clamped down on the Istiqlal and clapped thousands of

its members in jail. But the nationalists, eyeing France's defeat in Indochina, the French
grant of internal autonomy to neighboring Tunisia and Great Britain's agreement to quit the
Suez, believed the time had come to shake off
their own colonial bonds, which date back to
Roman times. Last week, as Islam celebrated
the holiday of Aid-el-Kebir, which commemorates the sacrifice of Abraham, nationalist terrorists boycotted the traditional ceremonies
of sheep-slaughtering and waged an unholy
killing binge in the name of their exiled ruler.

UNDER ROMANS, ARABS AND FRENCH-19 CENTURIES OF VIOLENCE AND INTRIGUE



ROMAN RULER, Emperor Claudius, made Morocco a province in 42 A.D., called it Mauretania Tingitania. Romans held control until Vandals overran region in Fifth Century.



BRIEF UNITY came under "Bloodthirsty Sultan" Moulay Ismail in 17th Century after chaotic misrule by Arabs, Berbers, Moors. Ismail impaled Christians on stakes (right).



GERMAN MENACE paved way for French rule. Entente Cordiale, 1904 treaty, had a secret clause staking out French interests in Morocco. In an effort to split the Entente, the Kaiser (center) visited Tangier, championed Moroccan independence.



ANTI-FRENCH SULTAN, Mohammed ben Youssef, was encouraged in his desire for independence by President Roosevelt at the 1943 Casablanca parley (above). Roosevelt urged the sultan to keep French from exploiting Morocco's natural resources.



PRO-FRENCH PASHA of Marrakech, El Glaoui, most powerful Berber chieftain in Morocco, engineered Youssef's overthrow in 1953 when sultan's agitation for independence got to be troublesome.



IN EXILE, deposed Youssef, here is shown as he arrived in Corsica. When nationalist feelings ran high (right), the French moved him to Madagascar.

HELMETED POLICE IN PORT-LYAUTEY HOLD BACK ARAB WOMEN WAILING FOR THEIR HUSBANDS WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN PULLED OUT OF THE MEDINA





FRENCH HERO, Marshal Louis Lyautey, sent in 1912 as Resident General, spent 13 years quieting tribes and spread French rule over all Morocco.



REBELLIOUS RIFF, Abdel Krim, invaded French Morocco in 1925. Captured by French troops, he was immortalized in Romberg's Desert Song.



SHOUTING FOR THE EX-SULTAN'S RETURN, RIOTERS SURGE THROUGH FEZ





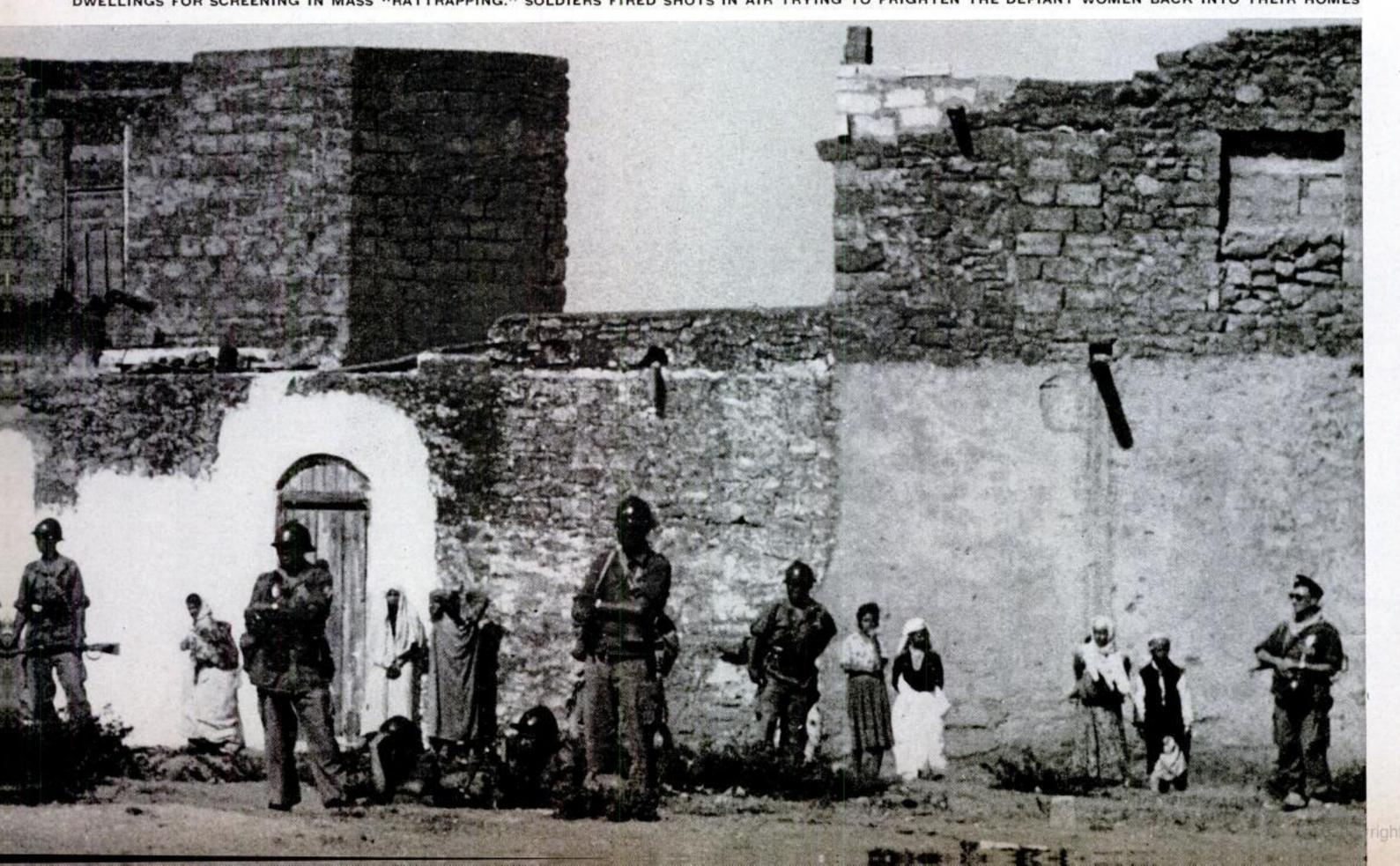
ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS have marred year-old reign of pro-French Sultan Sidi Mohammed Moulay el Arafa. First a house painter tried to run him down in a car and was subdued (*left*) by an army officer. Later he was wounded (*right*) by a grenade thrown by a garage mechanic. Both would-be assassins were killed on spot.

'RATTRAP' FOR LATEST RIOTERS

Morocco's history, from Roman to French rule, has been punctuated by waves of violence. The latest outburst erupted as Pierre Mendès-France dramatically conferred home rule on Tunisia, with the nationalists demanding the same benefits for Morocco. But while Tunisia has a responsible government capable of self-rule, Morocco has only a weak and aged sultan and one powerful local pasha, El Glaoui.

To quell the current disturbance the French called on Legionnaires, barefooted Goums and municipal police. In Port-Lyautey they treated the rioters to ratissage or "rattrapping" (below). Slugging, clubbing and beating virtually every Arab male in the medina, police herded off 20,000 suspects to a sheep market for screening. "A little lesson," shrugged one cop, "but nothing to what they deserve." In Rabat, Berber tribesmen put on an even wilder looking though peaceful show (next page) to demonstrate their loyalty. Meanwhile, fearing further outbreaks, France hastily ordered three more battalions to Morocco.

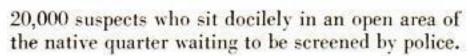
DWELLINGS FOR SCREENING IN MASS "RATTRAPPING." SOLDIERS FIRED SHOTS IN AIR TRYING TO FRIGHTEN THE DEFIANT WOMEN BACK INTO THEIR HOMES



Moroccan Crisis CONTINUED



MASS ROUNDUP by the Legionnaires in Port-Lyautey, where nine Europeans were killed, netted





WRECKED HOSPITAL for Moroccans in Port-Lyautey is surveyed by director, Dr. Francis Gentile.



daughter in Port-Lyautey took place in this room.





LOYAL BERBERS, defying nationalist boycott of Aid-el-Kebir festivities, kick up clouds of dust and

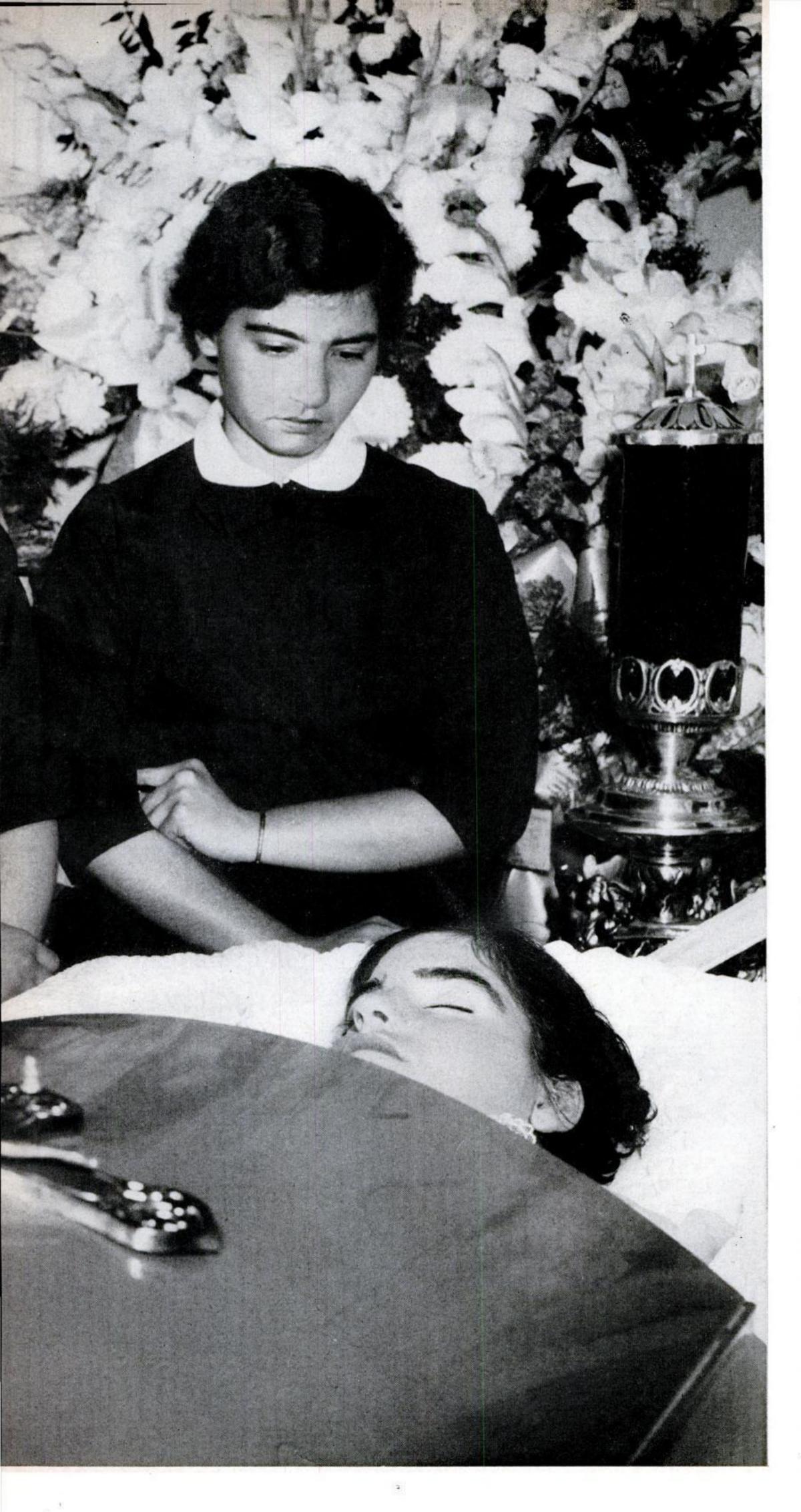


fire old flintlocks into ground (left and abore) following slaughter of the ram by the sultan. El Glaoui

and the pro-French *caïds* arranged for 5,000 of his Berber tribesmen to pour into Rabat to help guard

the sultan against a third assassination attempt and to help him celebrate Islam's great holiday.





PICTURE OF THE WEEK

THE FAMOUS FIVE ARE NOW FOUR

Their heads bowed in grief, the four surviving quintuplets, Cecile (left), Marie, Yvonne and Annette, last week took farewell of their sister Emilie. Thousands of sorrowing friends had filed by the metal casket, and now the mourning sisters, waiting for the funeral service to begin, stood together in the hushed Dionne home, where this picture was taken by INP Photographer Arthur Sasse, a long-time friend of the family. The young girl's death on Aug. 6 shocked a world which had made the quints the special object of its affection ever since their birth 20 years ago.

Millions of Americans would

Millions of Americans would remember the children's annual birthday pictures. Thousands had traveled up to the unprepossessing little Ontario town to glimpse the Dionnes at play through a one-way glass screen. Among those who sent their condolences were the Diligenti children of Buenos Aires, Argentina, who now have become the world's only surviving quintuplets.



TENTING IN TEXAS
COVERS THE CROPS

Putting grain under canvas is a low-cost solution offered by Burrus Mills of Dallas, Texas for storing the huge U.S. annual crop surplus. Tents are laid out on circles of sterilized earth and inflated with 1.6 million bushels of grain apiece. Tent-stored grain is claimed to be safe for five years, which, it is hoped, will qualify it for price support loans.



RIO RIOTERS DEFY STRONG-MAN RULE



SOUTH BEND VOTE OKAYS A WAGE CUT



Inflamed by one death and one near miss, Rio crowds last week rioted against Brazilian President Getulio Vargas. When a pro-Vargas candidate for alderman imprudently drove his poster-bedecked car around town, a mob overturned the car, ripped up the posters and set the car afire. The driver escaped. Behind the demonstrations was the suspicion that Vargas'

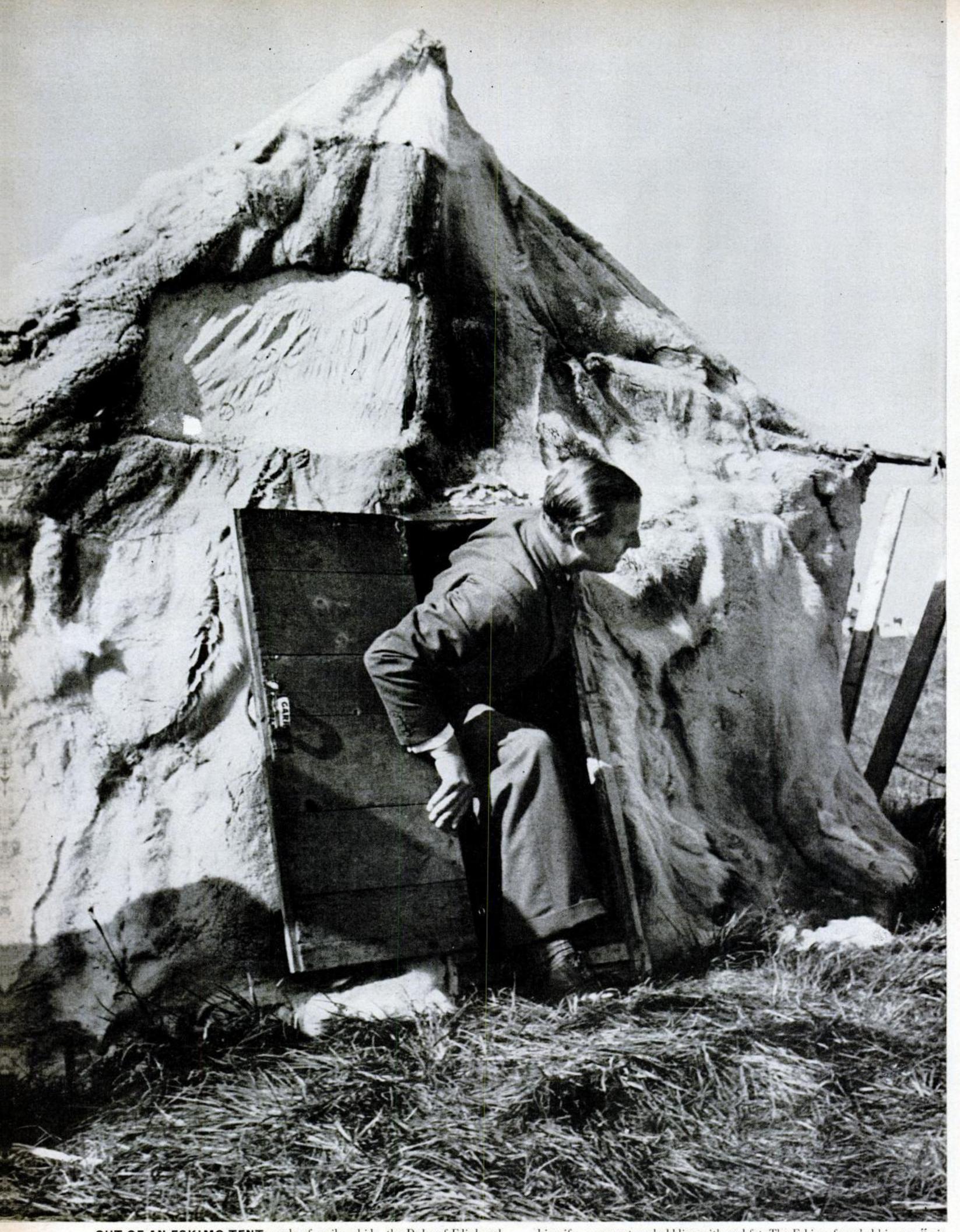
bodyguards were somehow involved in an attempt to assassinate an anti-Vargas editor, Carlos Lacerda. Lacerda escaped with a wounded foot, but an air force major with him, Rubens Vaz, was killed. This infuriated the military, whose support Vargas must have to stay in power. But Vargas is an old hand at surviving crises and appeared likely to get by this one too.





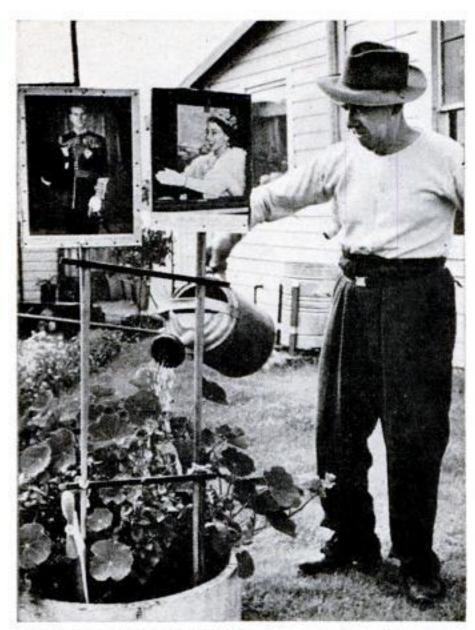
Union officials gasped when Studebaker asked them to agree to a wage cut until they saw that the company was suffering disastrous losses partly because its workers got 36¢ an hour more than the industry average. Without listening to arguments for the cut alarmed workers at first flatly voted it down. But when Studebaker threatened to close the plant,

they packed a South Bend football stadium to hear their local president, Louis Horvath, urge them to take the cut. Then, while Studebaker's president Harold Vance and Board Chairman Paul Hoffman awaited the results (left), the men filed through voting machine booths, this time accepting the cut. Then Hoffman and Horvath shook hands (right).



OUT OF AN ESKIMO TENT, made of caribou hide, the Duke of Edinburgh emerges after a chat with two of his wife's subjects—an 80-year-old Eskimo and

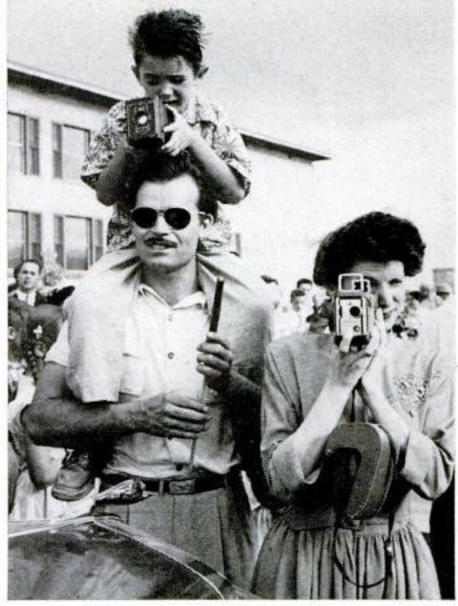
his wife—over a stove bubbling with seal fat. The Eskimo founded his own "miracle-performing" religion back in 1927, but soon gave it up and turned Anglican.



WELCOME GARDEN was erected by Alex Seely, Yukon pioneer who runs Whitehorse poolhall.



OLD EMMA, a tattooed Eskimo, waits with Anglican Bishop Marsh, known as "Donald the Arctic."



UBIQUITOUS CAMERAS, like those held by family above at Whitehorse school, greeted duke.

ROYAL SPOUSE TOURS TUNDRA

Duke eats caribou and charr, charms queen's Arctic subjects

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

Emerging from a tent (opposite) in Coppermine (pop. 17 whites, 110 Eskimos) came the first member of the British royal family ever to cross the Arctic Circle. The conversation H.R.H., Philip, Duke of Edinburgh (cover), had inside, along with his other forays through Canada's northwest last week, helped make this one of the most enterprising tours ever undertaken by a member of the royal family.

"I don't want this to be a royal progression," Philip had firmly told his Canadian equerry. If it was a progression it certainly was not very royal, as by land, water and air the handsome consort stalked the remote tundra reaches of his wife's empire. With allowance for the inevitable comforts due his rank, Philip roughed it all the way, chewing caribou steak and seal meat and Arctic charr with his wife's beaming, cinnamon-colored, parka-clad subjects, traversing the tundra in an armored track vehicle called a "penguin" and even cheerfully whacking away at the Arctic black fly which disrespectfully bit into his blue blood.

Whenever the crowds gathered the duke turned on his world-famous charm and delighted those who strained to catch a glimpse of him. The duke not only enjoyed himself hugely but brought back a winter's worth of dazzling tales of the wild north world to tell the queen, as well as a pair of Eskimo soapstone carvings for Princess Anne and Prince Charles.



Duke's Tour CONTINUED



BRUISED NOSE of the duke came from diving into shallow end of an indoor pool in Vancouver.



FAMOUS OLDTIMERS in Yukon, Mrs. George Black, 88, and husband, 81 (right), greet the duke.



IN MINER'S CLOTHES at Port Radium, duke pokes at a piece of uranium ore after visiting mine.



COPPERMINE'S ESKIMO WOMEN, WEARING PRINT PARKAS, LINE UP SEPARATELY TO GREET DUKE



LESS COLORFULLY CLAD THAN THE WOMENFOLK,



SCOUTS appeared everywhere. "My God, they spring out of the bushes," said Scotland Yard man.



ARCTIC CHARR, a favored fish staple of the Arctic regions, is examined by the duke at Coppermine.



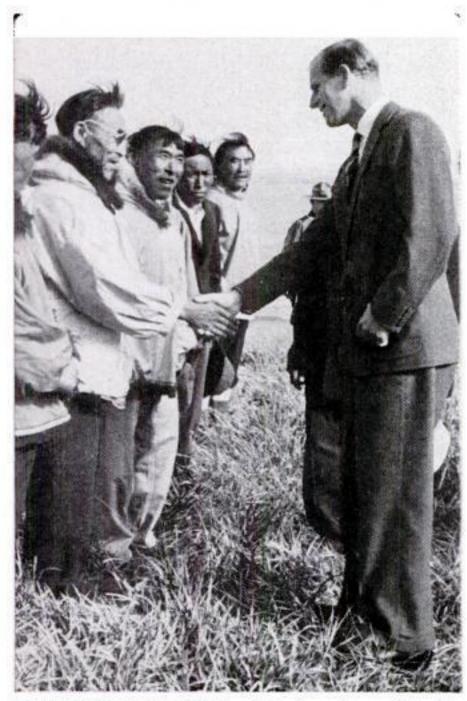
IN BEADED FINERY Whitehorse Indian meets duke. He is nephew of Skookum Jim, pioneer miner.



ADJUSTING TIE, duke meets schoolchildren at Yellowknife. He stopped often to chat with them.



ESKIMO MEN AWAIT ARRIVAL OF DUKE'S PLANE



SHAKING HANDS, the duke is welcomed by his hosts, the Eskimos, in the tall grass at Coppermine.



CABIN OF SAM McGEE AT WHITEHORSE ("NOW SAM McGEE WAS FROM TENNESSEE") AWAITS DUKE

REMINDERS OF CREMATED SAM MCGEE AND DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW

Most Americans associate the Yukon with Robert W. Service's poems, which the duke met in two places. One was the cabin of old Gold Miner Sam McGee in Whitehorse. McGee's final literary appearance was in *The Cremation of Sam McGee*: "There sat Sam, looking cool and calm in the heart of the furnace roar/And he wore a smile you could see a mile and he said: 'Please close that door.'" Then the duke

took a cruise on a Yukon stern-wheeler where he beheld murals of cancan girls (below) and of the shooting of another great Yukoner: "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malemute saloon/The kid that handles the music-box was hitting a jag-time tune/Back of the bar, in a solo game, sat Dangerous Dan Mc-Grew." At the cancan mural the duke inquired, "Do you have any around here like this?"

CANCAN GIRLS IN MURAL IN STERN-WHEELER "KLONDIKE" KICK LEGS AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GOES BY



HUNGER MAKES ALL MEN BROTHERS

. . . AND HERE IS A BOLD PLAN FOR U.S. AID TO HELPLESS VICTIMS OF CHINA'S WORST FLOOD

By day and by night, thousands of halfnaked Chinese peasants heaved sacks of earth upon the primitive dikes. Yet still the implacable Yangtze, swollen with "the heaviest rains in a hundred years," swept on last week, making a lake bigger than Texas out of the precious "Rice Bowl" which provides half of China's main food.

The mighty river, fourth longest (3,430 miles) in the world, has ever been an ambivalent dragon, now beneficent, now murder-

ous. China's life depends upon it, but death by drowning always comes to thousands and death by starvation to millions whenever the dragon roars and lashes in anger. In the worst previous flood (1931) 140,000 drowned, 10 million were left homeless and 52 million subsequently starved. But that flood's crest was much less than the 97 feet which the Yangtze reached last week. The Bamboo Curtain's frantic censorship could not conceal that most of the rice crop is gone, that untold millions are bound to starve or that the present flood is probably the most awesome since the Deluge.

Disaster is always a sober reminder that all men are brothers as children of God. This particular tragedy, so terrible as to be almost unimaginable, will raise the deepest sympa-

thies of all Americans. They rightly dislike the ruthless Chinese Reds (who, however, comprise less than one percent of China's 500 million people). But Americans know that the dying and the starving are fellow humans who are as helpless victims of the flood as they are voiceless victims of the man-made catastrophe of Communism.

In great disasters of this kind the American people have never been content to sit and watch the suffering perish. Nor should they. Neither should they beg the question: "What can we do?" There are two answers. One involves a difficult long-term solution which might avert future disasters. The second is as simple as feeding hungry people.

For years American engineers have known that it is perfectly feasible to tame the Yangtze and the other great Chinese rivers now swelling the flood, just as the U.S. has already mastered the Tennessee with the great TVA project of retention dams, irrigation and hydroelectric projects. Furthermore, as recently as 1947, U.S. engineers, who had worked for four years and spent \$500,000

of U.S. funds on the project, had prepared, for what was then Free China, a master plan to carry out a kind of Oriental TVA. Among other things the plan called for the building of the world's biggest dam. 300 miles east of Chungking, to irrigate 10 million acres of land from a 250-mile reservoir. Great tunnels to be drilled in solid cliffs were to spin 96 giant turbines generating three times as much power as America's Boulder, Grand Coulee and Shasta dams put together. But



OUTSTRETCHED BOWLS AWAIT U.S. RELIEF DURING CHINA'S 1946 FAMINE

that great plan, which the U.S. government intended to assist, was itself washed away in the Red tide of conquest.

The Chinese Communists do not have the machinery, the wealth or the know-how to build the Yangtze project and their Russian friends evidently can't spare these things. If the U.S. offered to build it, the Chinese Reds would undoubtedly have to refuse, since if there is no manna from Moscow they can scarcely admit manna from America. And even if they were willing a case could be made that the U.S. should not undertake a project that would strengthen the economy of China and thus the position of the Red rulers. But it would also prevent millions more from perishing in such disasters. Whatever we lost in improving a Communist economy might be more than offset in what we would gain in restoring the great "reservoir of goodwill" which the Chinese people have always felt for Americans. The Chinese (unlike the Japanese) have never been real xenophobes and it is doubtful if even the Communist "hate America" campaign has really changed this national tolerance. If we did go in to build their dams, the mere sight of friendly gregarious free-spending American workers would be far more infectious and revolutionary than all the tons of "germ warfare" rubbish the Communists have dumped out against us. Such an offer, however, is probably impractical at this point. In any case the project, taking years to launch and complete, would bring no help now to the victims of 1954's flood.

But there is a way, and a practical one, in which the U.S. can help these victims now.

That is by sending them food from our plentiful governmentowned surpluses. We should not tie any strings to such a gift, other than requiring that we control the distribution to the extent that we can be sure that the hungry are the ones who get it and that they share alike, regardless of politics. It will be hard for China's Red rulers to refuse such an offer. Their counterparts in East Germany and Hungary have already accepted the U.S. offer to feed the flood victims in the Danube basin.

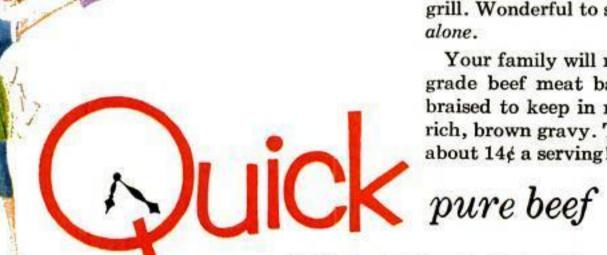
Such a gift from the people of America to the people of China would be in the great tradition of past American actions in the Orient which did much to build up the goodwill reservoir. Many Asiatics still remember that when the great 1923 earthquake razed Tokyo,

Yokohama and Odawara, killing nearly 200,-000 and doing \$1.8 billion damage, private American citizens quickly raised \$11.6 million—an immense sum in those days—to help the victims. It was Americans who rushed food and clothing to the Armenians in the sad days of their persecution by the Turks. In the great Yangtze flood of 1931 it was an American, John E. Baker, who was asked by China to help in the rescue and rehabilitation (even young Lindbergh flew in to help haul supplies).

We should send food to the Chinese because it would be a Christian act in the oldest and best sense—that of obeying the Golden Rule. Let the Chinese Reds hunt, as they surely will, for all sorts of invisible weevils in the offer (e.g., a possible charge of "wheat-germ warfare"), but the gift must be kept entirely free of any slick gimmicks. That is because the gift will speak for itself as to the true motives of the American people, as to their deep and lasting friendship for the Chinese people and it will be eloquent answer to the Communist canard all over the world, that for the millions who cry for bread we have nothing to offer but a gun.



When you want a vacation fromthe kitchen...



Here's a delicious no-cooking dinner! Just heat Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Meat Balls with Gravy on your outdoor grill. Wonderful to serve on toast, potatoes, rice-and alone.

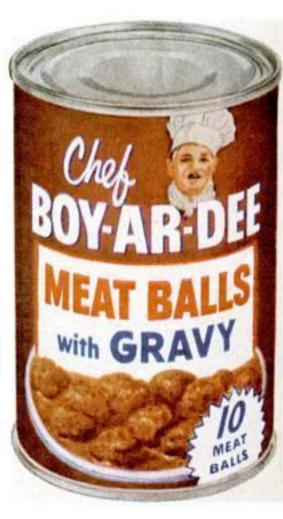
Your family will relish the full flavor of Chef's topgrade beef meat balls. 10 in every can...specially braised to keep in natural juices . . . and seasoned in rich, brown gravy. They're ready in a jiffy-and only about 14¢ a serving!

Meat Balls with Gravy is only one of many Chef meals ready in minutes. Also try Chef Boy-Ar-dee's Spaghetti and Meat Balls, Spaghetti Dinners and Ravioli-all made with Chef's famous, flavor-blended sauce.

You can buy Chef's Spaghetti Sauce with Meat or with Mushrooms separately. Just heat and serve on your favorite dishes. Why not make one night a week "Chef Night"? You'll save time, save money—serve wonderful meals!

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE

MEAT BALLS with GRAVY



If you like beer, you'll love Schlitz!

No harsh bitterness—

It's brewed to perfection with just the kiss of the hops. Perfectly aged

... perfectly wonderful!



The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous



AT 5 HOOVER WAS PLUMP, SERIOUS BOY

A FULL LIFE AND MEMORIES

Herbert Hoover came home last week to West Branch, Iowa (pop. 770) to celebrate his birthday. The man who stood in the tiny three-room house, where he was born 80 years earlier, seemed absorbed in memories, a few of which must have been bitter. He had traveled a full circle since his Quaker boyhood (above).

As a mining engineer in China, Hoover fashioned a fortune and an international reputation. As a public servant from 1914–1920 he directed European war relief, distributing millions of tons of food and clothing. Then as United States President in 1929 his name became associated with the worst depression in American history.

But time and Hoover's own devotion to public service has mellowed that memory. His "Hoover Commission" has made valuable recommendations on federal government reorganization, and thousands of his admirers journeyed to West Branch. A parade, a nationally televised speech, two school dedications and a six-tier, 60-egg cake (below, right) made it a strenuous day, but a nice gesture of appreciation for a distinguished gentleman of 80.

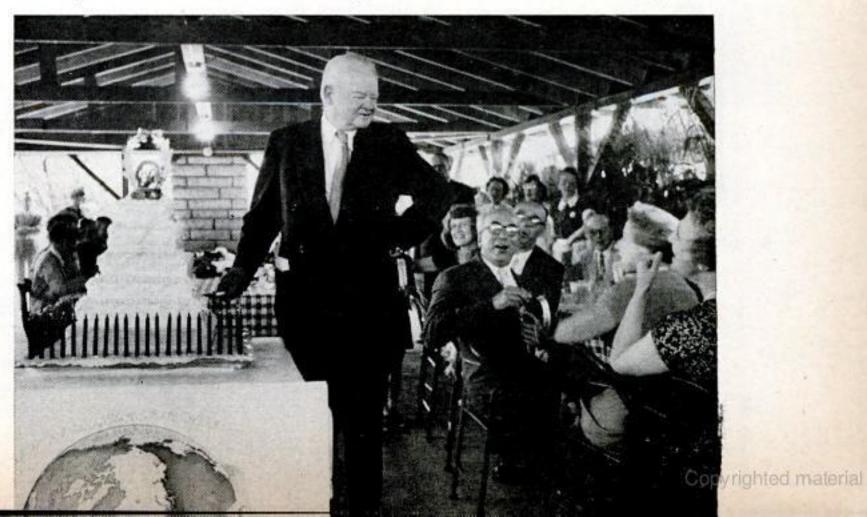


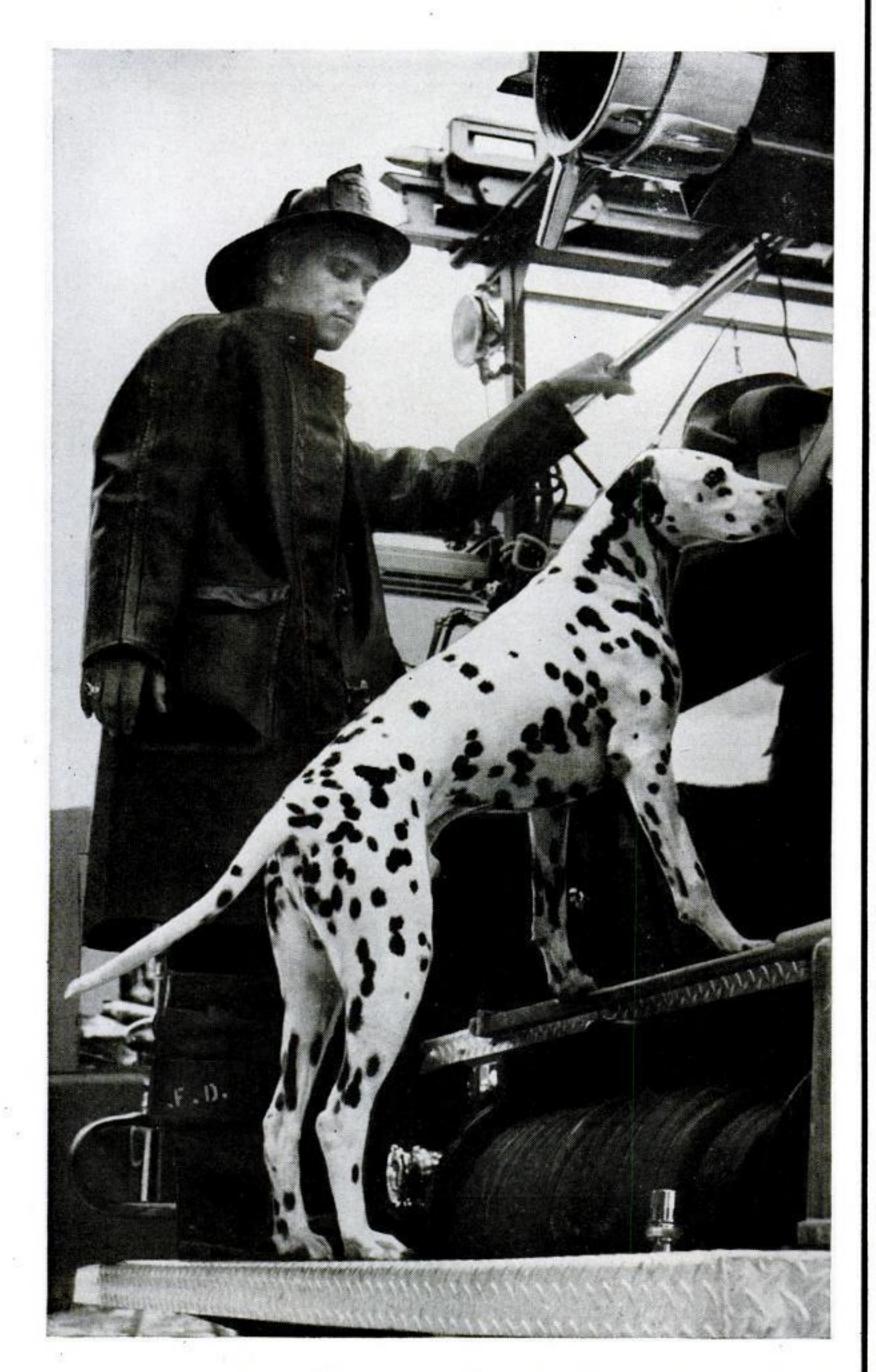
AT 80, HOOVER SEEMED NEAR TEARS DURING EULOGY GIVEN HIM BEFORE HIS WEST BRANCH SPEECH

BIRTHDAY HOME is visited as shrine by the crowds which flocked to West Branch. At age of 9 Hoover was orphaned and moved to outlying farm of uncle.



BIRTHDAY CAKE was cut by Hoover while admirers clapped and sang "Happy birthday, dear Herbert." Cake, made by local housewife, served all 250 guests.





Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion!

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FRAU SCHROEDER SEDATELY ATTENDS DANCE WITH HELMUT SALEWSKI

A TIP BERLIN'S

Woman shopkeeper's story might have headed

by JOHN DILLE

DR. Otto John's famous auto ride from West to East Berlin July 20 has given West Berliners a rich and varied assortment of raw material for ringing changes on their characteristic suspense-and-intrigue scenarios. Here was the man with the high-sounding title of chief of the Office for Protection of the Constitution, West Germany's highest-placed counterintelligence officer, absconding across the border to East Germany in the company of a playboy doctor. This was not alone a major propaganda victory for the Communists. It was obvious that the Reds would squeeze a great deal of vital information out of an officer who had worked closely with most of the West's intelligence chiefs (only five weeks ago he had been in the U.S. consulting with Allen Dulles and J. Edgar Hoover), and who undoubtedly knew much, too much, about the West's own network of agents in the East.

As if to confirm these fears, John emerged from hiding last week to give a press conference in East Berlin's Presse Haus and announce flatly that he will henceforth serve the Communist East German government. Adenauer's aides, in his absence on vacation, reacted with open dismay. The government was so shaken by John's escape and defection that when the German Socialist party seized the occasion to demand a special session of the parliament, Adenauer was forced to agree to call one for September. This result alone was enough to show how useful Dr. John's services have already been to his Red masters. Indeed, some German politicians were defensively pointing out that, after all, John had been put in his high position by a reluctant Bonn government on the insistence of British intelligence officers.

The nagging questions were: What would be the next result? When would the next salvo of John's ammunition be fired at the West? How had the Reds come to get this ammunition with such ease? And what had moved Otto John, with seemingly no preparation or premeditation, to cross the iron curtain?

There were a few who might have the answer to the last question: there was the playboy doctor, Wolfgang Wohlgemuth; there was a German-born U.S. counterintelligence agent named Wolfgang Hoeffer, a friend of John's. Wohlgemuth was in East Germany. Hoeffer was dead—a suicide three days after John's disappearance. But there was also a woman named Anneliese Schroeder.

I had heard that Frau Schroeder might have the answer, and I had been looking for her since Dr. John's disappearance. Last week I found her in her little secondhand store four blocks down the Uhlandstrasse from the home of Dr. Wohlgemuth. In the show window behind the shop's yellow-painted front were some old blouses, a tennis racket, a gas burner, a baby carriage, a stuffed parrot and an old zither. Frau Schroeder is a short, dumpy woman with a tired but pleasant smile. The story I heard did indeed throw a new light on the reasons for Otto John's trip across the iron curtain. And what is most important is that Frau Schroeder had told it all to the Berlin police last spring. Had they believed it then, Otto John might not be in East Berlin spouting Communist propaganda today. This is her story.

"In 1945 my husband and I were running a shoe factory in northern Berlin. Nearby lived a family named Salewski. Not long after the war their son Helmut came home from an American



WOHLGEMUTH WHOOPS IT UP WITH WIFE ROSEMARIE AND BANDLEADER

POLICE IGNORED

off flight of Otto John—had it been believed

Life's correspondent in Germany

prisoner-of-war camp. He and I met, became friends, and later fell in love. Helmut wanted to continue his law and philosophy studies at the university and I helped him with his expenses. In 1951 my husband and I were divorced. That year Helmut finished his law studies and got a job as a legal adviser in a Berlin borough office. But he didn't make much money, and I still helped him financially until about 1952."

In 1953, Frau Schroeder went on, Helmut Salewski was troubled with a heart ailment, and a friend referred him to Dr. Wohlgemuth. Salewski became friendly with the dapper doctor—and also with the doctor's wife Rosemarie.

Shortly before Christmas in 1953, recounts Frau Schroeder, "I learned that Helmut was seeing a good deal of Rosemarie Wohlgemuth. I asked him about it, and he tried to pass it off by saying that Rosemarie was only acting temporarily as his secretary.

"I didn't see Helmut for a while. Then on the evening of March 22 this year I met him in the Lauritzen restaurant. He seemed very depressed and tired. 'I've broken with Rosemarie,' he said. 'That's a terrible bunch, those Wohlgemuths. I should report the whole thing to the police.' I asked him what he meant."

Salewski told her. And here the seemingly unrelated love affair of Helmut Salewski cast a spotlight on Dr. Otto John.

'Wine, women and song'

WOHLGEMUTH'S a Communist," said Salewski. "Every so often Dr. John, the West German counterintelligence boss, comes to see him. Wohlgemuth knows how to make evenings pleasant for John and how to make him talk—wine, women and song. He gets him to talk about all sorts of secret stuff, and takes everything down on a tape recorder he has hidden in the next room."

During this time, Helmut told Anneliese, Dr. Wohlgemuth was also being visited constantly by an intelligence agent from East Berlin. Also, Frau Schroeder said, Salewski told her that Wohlgemuth had collected the names of young men who had volunteered for the German contingent of the European army to be formed under EDC.

While Salewski held his head in his hands and talked, Frau Schroeder hid a cardboard beer coaster in her lap and scribbled notes. What particularly shocked her was to hear about the lists of young volunteers being transmitted to the East; she had an 18-year-old son herself. She told Salewski the police should be notified immediately. Salewski, she said, shook his head. He told her he could not betray Rosemarie Wohlgemuth.

"I couldn't sleep the whole night," Frau Schroeder went on.
"On March 29 I called the police. The man who answered seemed annoyed at my bothering him. Finally he said he would send some one to see me. But no one came."

The next day Frau Schroeder called again, and this time a policeman came to the shop. She showed him her notes on the coaster and told him Helmut Salewski's story. The policeman seemed interested at last and said he would check into the matter.

Frau Schroeder relaxed, feeling she had done her duty. But that was the last she heard from the police until July 22, when

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the Berlin papers broke the story of John's and Wohlgemuth's mysterious disappearance. This time the police could hardly wait to get in touch with her. She was unable to resist chiding them: "Now you have finished your hibernation-after the two have run."

On July 24 the same police official she had talked to in March came into the shop. He admitted that her whole story had checked "100%." They had even located the man who had sold Wohlgemuth his tape recorder. Then why, she asked, had nothing been done about it. The officer answered simply: "A little police official like me cannot interrogate Dr. John." It was not until later that she learned to her dismay that the police had detailed to her case an Abwimmler, a special-

ist in handling crackpots.

While the "little police officials" were shying from investigating Dr. John, Frau Schroeder's tip may even have leaked to Wohlgemuth and John. Frau Schroeder has her theory about this. In her shop she had taken a partner named Max Adam. After she had accused Adam of juggling the books, Adam left in a rage. He knew Salewski, and he also knew about her phone call to the police. On July 19, the day before John's disappearance, Salewski appeared and confronted Frau Schroeder. "Mind your own business," he warned her angrily, "and not things which are none of your business." Salewski, then, could have tipped off Wohlgemuth.

The police have acknowledged receiving the information from Frau Schroeder, but offer in extenuation the fact that she refused to go so far as to make a sworn accusation against Wohlgemuth and John. And in the case of a man of John's eminence, the official refrain is repeated,

"the greatest care must be taken."

As for Salewski, when confronted with Frau Schroeder's story, he confirms it. The only exception he takes to it is to say that the list of European Army volunteers was only speculation on his part. With a touch of bitterness he adds that he paid back all the money Frau Schroeder ad-

vanced him for his education.

There remain two pieces to the puzzle: Wolfgang Eduard Hoeffer and Dr. Wolfgang Wohlgemuth. Hoeffer and John had grown up together in Wiesbaden. In 1938 Hoeffer, whose mother was Jewish, had left Germany for the U.S. He had returned with the U.S. Army in 1945 and subsequently became a U.S. counterintelligence agent. When John became West Germany's chief of the Office for Protection of the Constitution, the two again became close. In recent months Hoeffer had been heard damning Bonn and the "hysteria" of the U.S. He had advised John to get out of his job at Bonn and had told a mutual friend that if John didn't he was likely to crack up mentally. Hoeffer himself, it turned out, was closer to a crack-up.

Hoeffer saw John on the morning of July 20 and the two had a brief conversation. John suggested that they get together that evening. Hoeffer said that he would be at a club called the Maison de France around 11 o'clock. It was to the Maison de France that John directed the driver of his cab that night after abruptly telling his wife in their hotel room that he was going out for a while. But, the cab driver said, John arrived in front of the place about 9 o'clock instead of 11 and went into the apartment house where Wohlgemuth lived.

The next day, when he heard of John's disappearance, Hoeffer said, "It's unthinkable that he worked for them over there!" Later he mentioned the idea of going into the East zone himself to look for John. On July 23 two Americans arrived in front of Hoeffer's ground floor apartment and rang the bell. They heard a shot. When they broke their way in, Hoeffer was dead. No one knew whether he had tipped John off, but John later hinted that he had.

Hypnosis, drugs and cancer

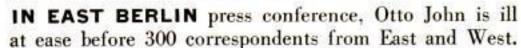
THERE is no evidence that Wolfgang Hoeffer had more than a casual acquaintance with the other Wolfgang-the flamboyant Dr. Wohlgemuth, incurable dabbler in science and politics. The doctor also had a reputation for being quite a ladies' man, and that proclivity, not necessarily the most germane to the case, has naturally been the most fascinating to the German press (one story was headed the hundred women of doctor WOHLGEMUTH). Wohlgemuth's scientific interests apparently included hypnosis, drugs and cancer-which last study was given as a reason for crossing the border; the foremost cancer research and treatment facilities in Berlin are at the Charité Hospital, in the East zone.

Whether this alone would persuade him to give up the freedom of West Germany is doubtful. But what does not seem doubtful is Anneliese Schroeder's well-substantiated story. An obsessed and fanatical anti-Nazi, Wohlgemuth had dabbled with leftism since his student days. At Leipzig University the faithful in the party cell had classified him contemptuously as a "ballroom Bolshevik." But Wohlgemuth was still intrigued by the Reds and he seemingly was not aware of the danger of his anti-Naziism becoming pro-Communism. Nei-

ther, apparently, was Otto John.

So on the night of July 20 the two drove across the zonal border to the Charité Hospital. Much of the puzzle about their dramatic flight to the East still remains to be solved. But at least this much seems clear now. If the police had not been quite so leery of pursuing an insignificant shopkeeper's evidence against an important official, there might not have been any such trip at all.







Normally high-strung, he smoked many cigarets but convinced most of audience that his defection was voluntary.

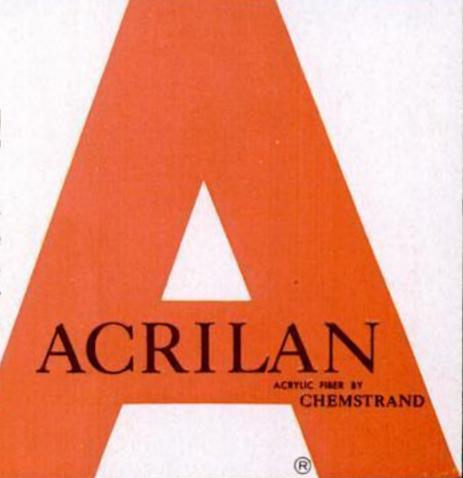


mother gets a treat too... these dresses are WASHABLE!

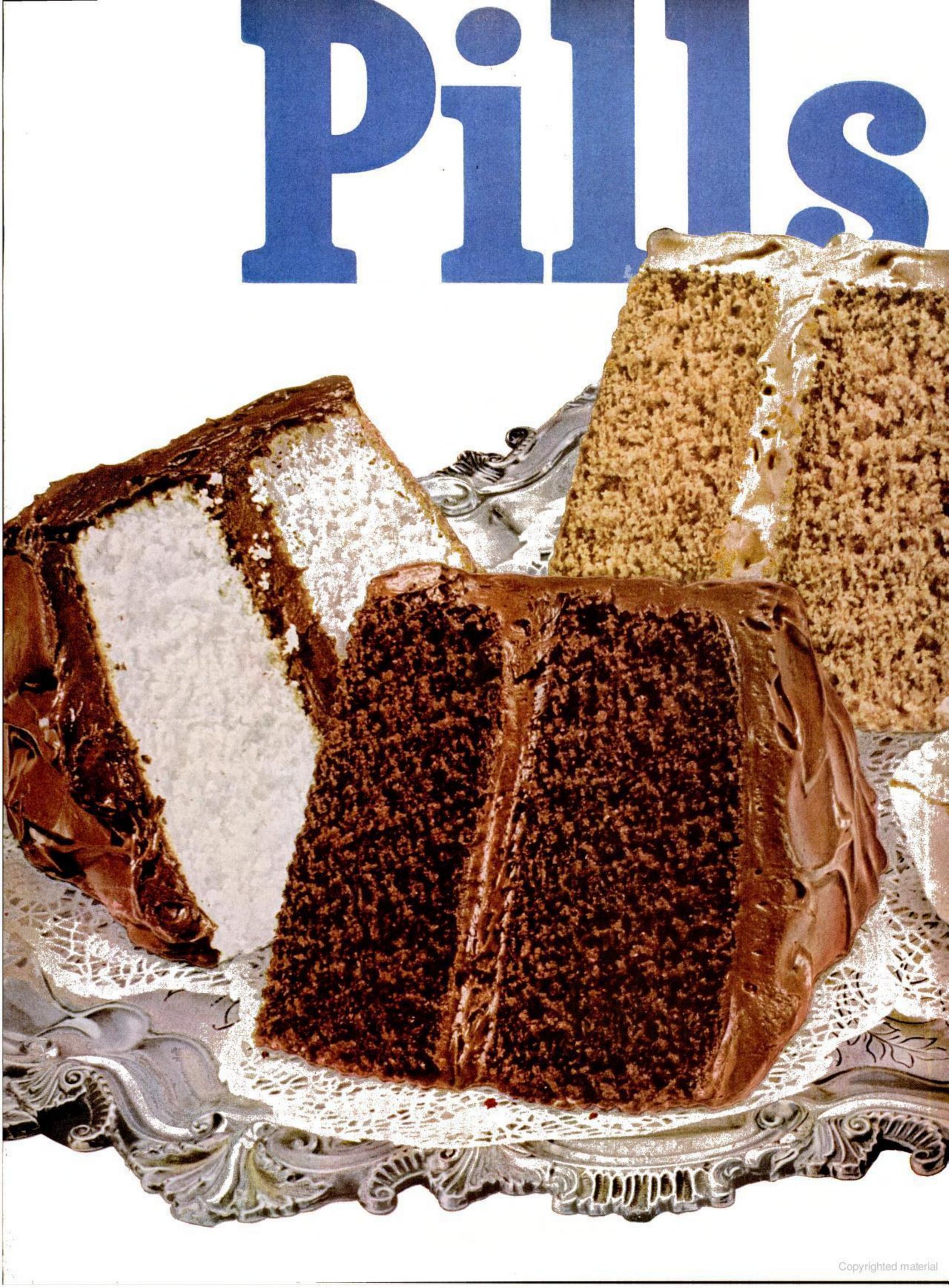
Sweet news for Mother: these pretty Fall-weight dresses can stand up under the stickiest, fudgiest stains. Because they're made with Acrilan acrylic fiber (blended with rayon), they'll never have to visit the dry cleaner's. A swish in the suds is the most they'll ever need. Just let them drip dry... they seem to press themselves. (If you're a real fusspot, you

may want to touch them up occasionally with an iron.) Acrilan not only makes these dresses washable; it actually helps them stay clean, fresh and free of wrinkles, makes them mothproof and mildew-proof, gives them a soft, rich feel. Make it a treat all around. Dress your children in the luxurious new fashions made with Acrilan.

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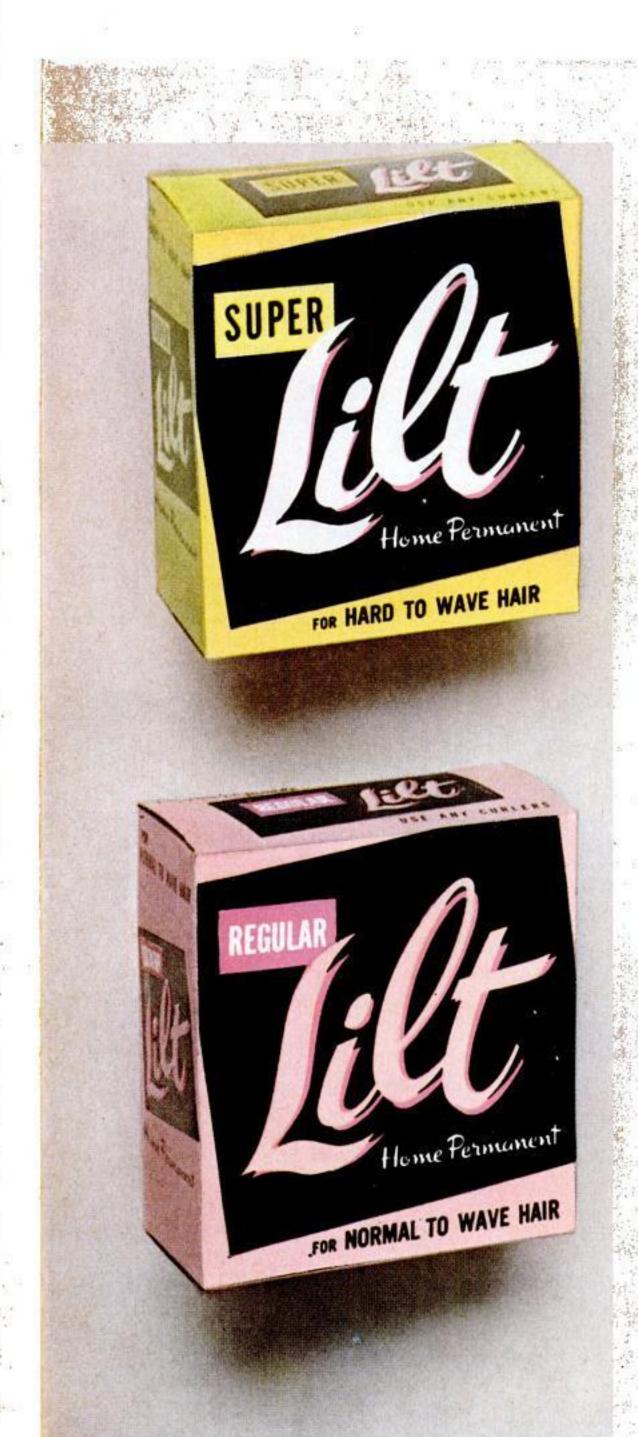
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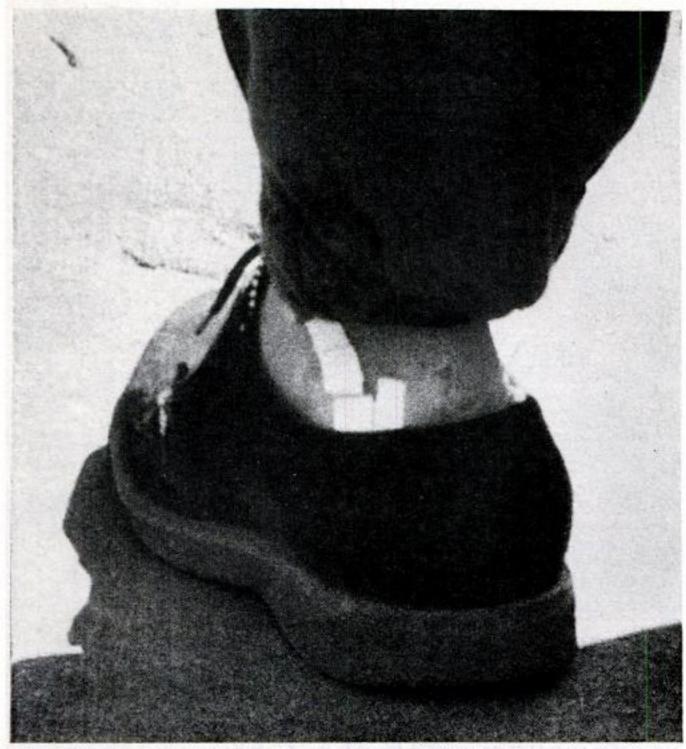
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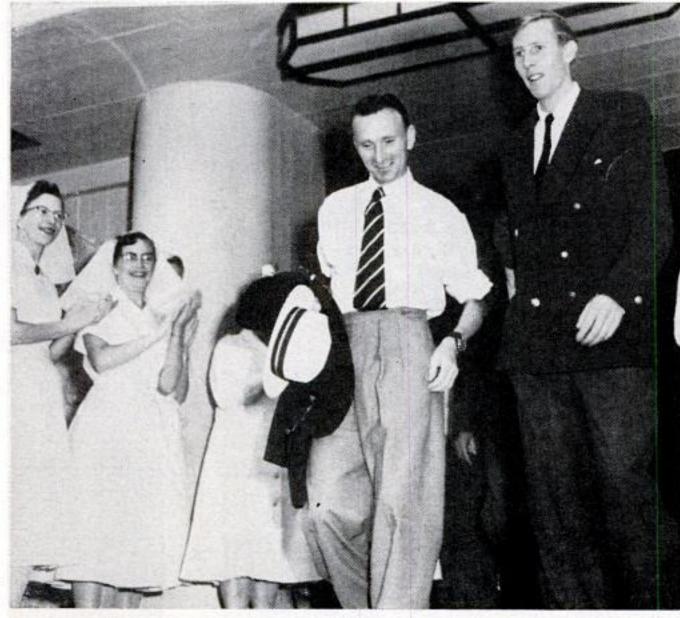


DRESSING ON GASHED LEFT FOOT SHOWS OVER TOP OF LANDY'S SHOE

A HEEL AND A HEART

Landy was cut and Peters was ailing in races

Three days after he had run the mile in the British Empire Games (Life, Aug. 16) in less than four minutes—only to lose to Roger Bannister—Australia's John Landy admitted that the rumors about his foot were true. Two nights before the race he had stepped on some glass and gashed his heel so badly four stitches were required. Trying not to detract from Bannister's triumph he gallantly claimed the cut did not slow him up. On this point Bannister—runner and doctor—concurred. Said he, "Landy told me before the race that he did not think the cut would make any difference—and it didn't." Five days after his torturous ordeal near the end of the marathon, England's Jim Peters, still wan and wobbly, left a hospital where it was reported he had a heart condition. He may have to give up running forever.



ESCORTED by Bannister, leaving hospital, Peters smiles at nurses. Said he, "I wouldn't have cared if I had died if I had won the race for England."



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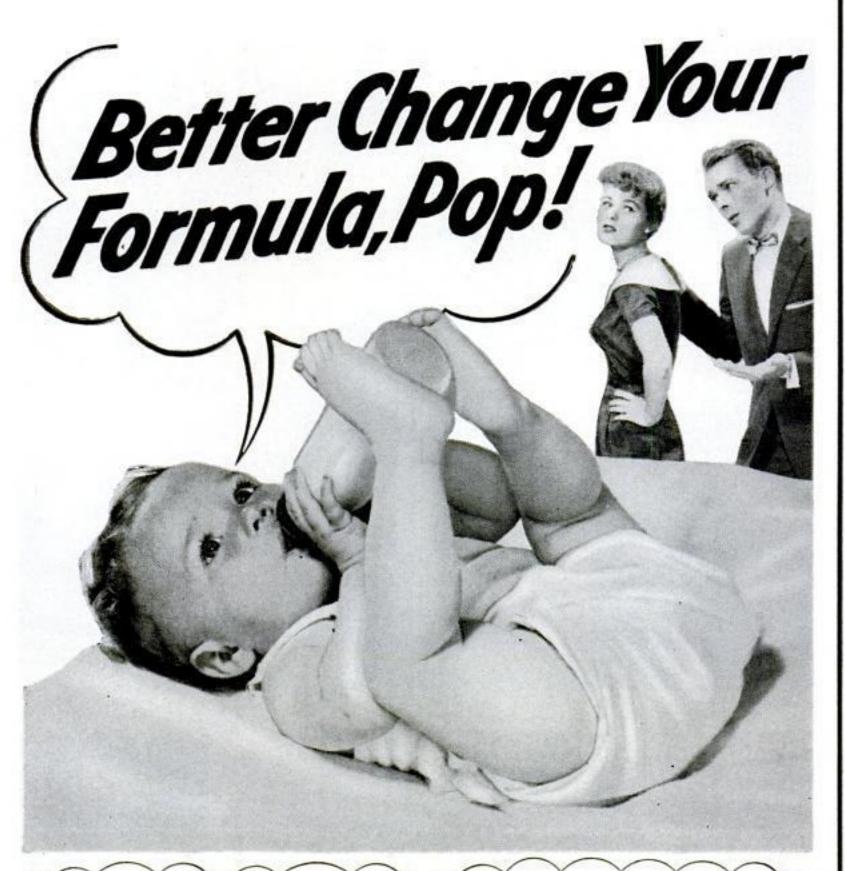
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ICE CREAM PROBLEM absorbs Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, shown with wife.

PICNIC PARLEY

Cabinet is well-guarded at camp

In a hastily conceived jaunt most of Dwight Eisenhower's Cabinet last week piled into cars with their wives and drove up into Maryland's Catoctin Mountains for an extraordinary—and extremely pleasant—meeting at Camp David, the rustic presidential retreat. Not since 1901 had a Cabinet met outside Washington.

As Mamie Eisenhower and the other wives chatted on the porch, the President joined the Cabinet and his staff in talks covering everything from Indochina refugees to economic prospects. Then everybody adjourned for a picnic lunch of ham sandwiches and ice cream on a stick (top and bottom) and an afternoon of fishing, swimming and pitching horseshoes.



PURSING LIPS, Mrs. Eisenhower holds piece of chocolate coating while the President finishes salad.



ON-THE-ALERT SENTRY, one of 50 Marines helping Secret Service and sailors guard Camp David, wears green fatigues which blend with the foliage.



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LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Congress balks on Eisenhower bills, Russia cuddles up to Britons, Yugoslavia huddles with old enemy

Hurrying to wind up its current legislative session, Congress voted general approval of President Eisenhower's program for flexible farm price supports. But on other counts, Congress and the Administration were sharply at odds. Rejecting a personal plea by the President to pass his atomic energy bill in "the cause of world peace," the Senate delayed approval by voting 48-41 to return it to conference. Then, in a surprise move, it voted unanimous approval of a hastily drawn act to outlaw the Communist party, disregarding the advice of J. Edgar Hoover and Attorney General Brownell, who feel the law will only drive the party underground where it will be harder to cope with. The Administration, however, had hopes that the bill would die in the House.





"TERRIBLE" TOUHY IN JAIL: 1933 AND 1954

Roger ("The Terrible") Touhy, Chicago Prohibition era figure, was released last week after serving 21 years of a 99-year sentence for kidnaping John ("Jake the Barber") Factor in 1933. Also convicted were his sidekicks Albert ("Polly Nose") Kator and Basil ("The Owl") Banghart. Federal Judge John P. Barnes concluded the conviction was rigged. But Touhy had only two days of freedom. The U.S. Appeals Court ordered him back to jail while his case was reviewed.

Laborites get Red's red carpet

A group of British Laborites, headed by Attlee and Bevan, stopped in Moscow on the way to visit Red China. Accepting a dinner invitation by Premier Malenkov, they were driven to a country estate and greeted cordially. When M.P. Edith Summerskill admired the flowers, Malenkov plucked her an armful. Later the Supreme Soviet invited an all-party parliamentary delegation to visit Moscow. It looked as though Moscow would soon be flooded with British visitors as the first step of a large-scale Russian effort to woo Britain.

In Mexico City William O'Dwyer was host to an Internal Revenue agent. The agent asked him about a \$10,000 contribution which he had allegedly received while mayor. O'Dwyer objected vociferously: "This is political. It's an election year."



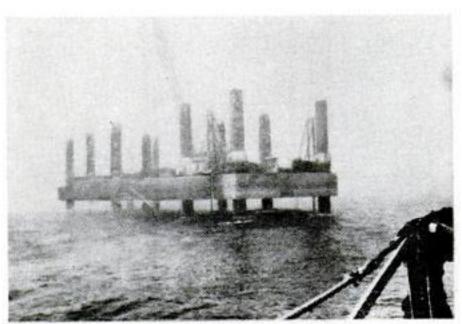
THOMPSON FLYING UNDER LONDON BRIDGE

A tall Texan named Gene Thompson rented a plane near London and, his 10-gallon hat clearly visible, flew under the Tower bridge. Then he slithered through the 30-foot clearance beneath London Bridge and wagged his wings. Afterward he said he had done the stunt for the love of a lady. The lady, Miss Helen Brown, said to reporters, "It was really stupid." But at week's end Thompson proudly announced they were engaged.

Germany's unions get restive

Since World War II German workers have labored at low wages. In recent months, as profits increased, so has their resentment of the old wage scale. Trouble first broke into the open when traffic was paralyzed in Hamburg by a transport workers' strike. Last week it spread as 120,000 members of the Metal Workers Union walked out in Bavaria. There were riots in Munich. Though many disputes were settled, the strike wave was spreading throughout West Germany.

Last week the Air Force revealed plans for a chain of artificial "islands" in the Atlantic to serve as radar warning installations. The islands, called "Texas Towers," will cost over \$1 million each, and will be anchored from Newfoundland to Virginia. Manned by crews of 30, the stations will have space for helicopter landings.



EXPERIMENTAL "ISLAND" OFF CAPE COD

Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia last week signed a 20-year military alliance for collective action against aggression. With the first two countries already members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Yugoslavia's acceptance of the three-power alliance tacitly linked her also to NATO and showed her inching closer to the West. Marshal Tito's government, which six years ago was actively sponsoring a Communist rebellion in Greece, has now turned to make a stand with the Greeks and the Turks against any aggression from Russia or her neighboring satellites. The agreement included the exchange of equipment and military information, and the combined armies of the three nations would number well over a million men, ready for duty in the eastern Mediterranean.



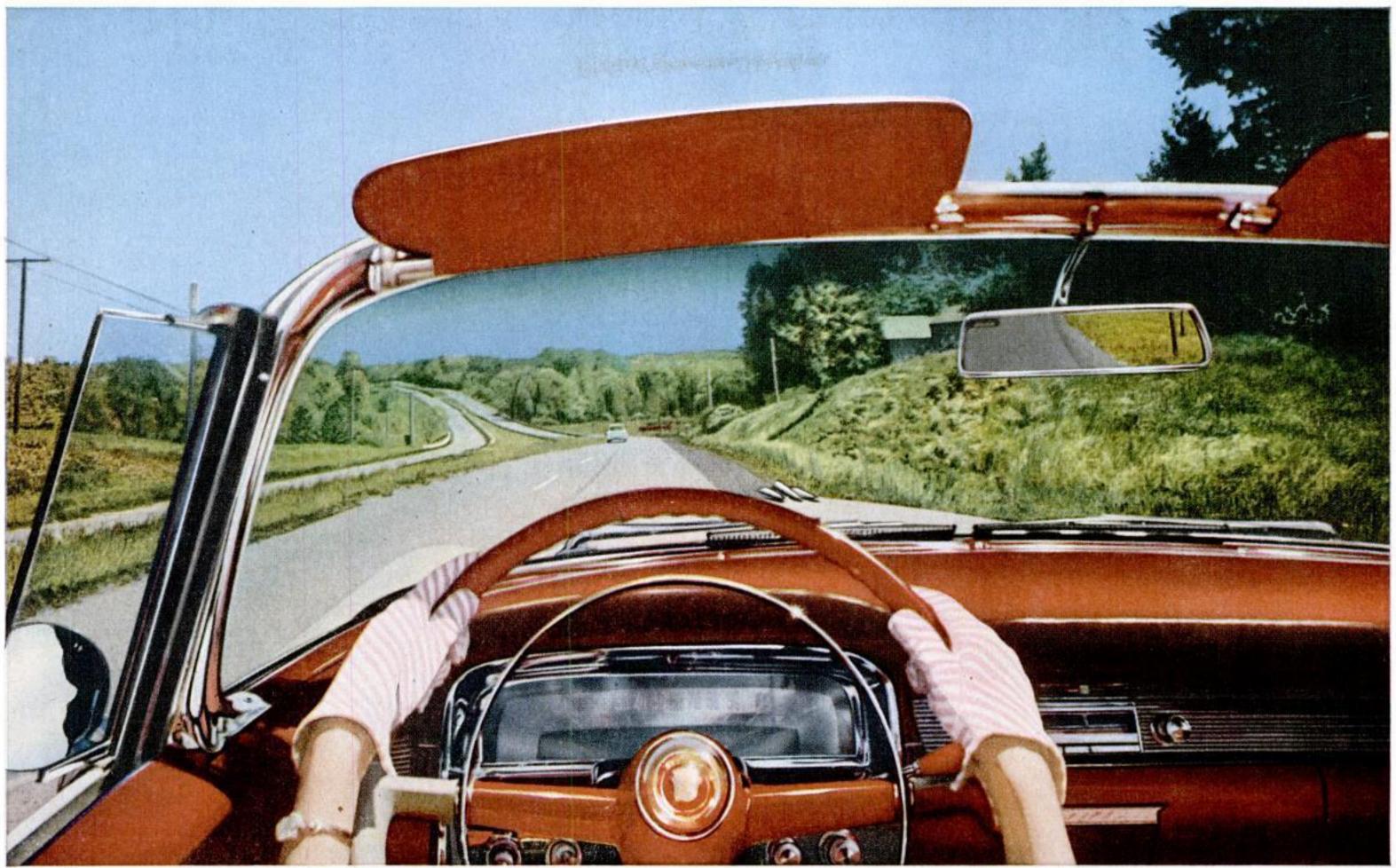
MOURNERS AT MARCANTONIO'S FUNERAL

The tough bad boy of New York politics, ex-Congressman Vito Marcantonio, 51, collapsed and died in the rain near City Hall one morning last week. A follower of the party line in Washington, he also worked earnestly for his East Harlem constituents, whom he represented for 14 years, and some 5,000 gathered for his funeral. Born a Roman Catholic, he died with a rosary in his pocket. But he was refused a religious burial because "he was not reconciled with the Church."

A Russian agent is unveiled

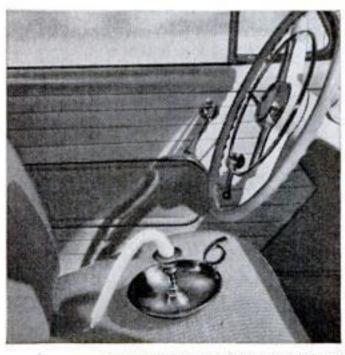
Seven months ago in Tokyo a lieutenant colonel in the Russian MVD turned himself over to U.S. authorities and asked for asylum, because he "wanted to live like a decent human being." Last week, at a State Department press conference, Yuri Rastvorov appeared in the U.S. for the first time. He said Russian agents had received information from Japanese officials who would probably be identified soon in Japanese papers. As for himself, he wished only to disappear quietly into the American scene.

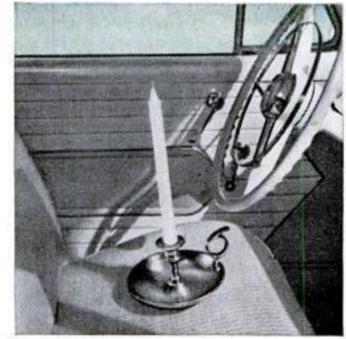
British Actor Emlyn Williams likes to dress like Charles Dickens when he reads his favorite author in public. Included in his attire is a false beard. Williams was to appear on a Sunday at the Royal Festival Hall when someone discovered an ancient British law that forbids actors to use costumes on Sunday. Williams had to cancel his appearance.



This color picture was taken right through this E · Z · EYE Panoramic Windshield.

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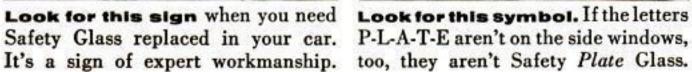




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The L.O.F Panoramic Windshield on this Cadillac La Espada, one of the dramatic G.M. sports cars, is now standard equipment in Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs.





A Jumbo Rainbow

The parade of ponderous pastel pachyderms above is Hollywood's most recent proof of its own maxim that a movie heroine's whims are not to be ignored. In M-G-M's forthcoming *Jupiter's Darling*, Esther Williams, a Roman beauty, complains to her captor Hannibal (Howard Keel) that his camp is beginning to look drab. He not only orders his elephants painted in decorator colors but books Marge and Gower Champion to ride on one

(top, right) and sing the following: "Though the life of an elephant has its charms, oh you can't hold an elephant in your arms." The elephants, all females from St. Louis, were each sprayed with watercolor paint, care being taken to avoid their eyes and sweat glands around their toenails. Unhappily, Esther, in her role as the captive for whose esthetic kicks the whole job was contrived, was home with a sore throat and missed it all.



Big, brilliant "preview" finder on this Kodak Duaflex III Camera shows you your picture big and clear before you snap. With Kodet Lens, \$14.95, including Federal Tax. Flasholder, \$4.

On family outings and vacations. Wherever you are, wherever you go. Then you'll save all those wonderful memories instead of wishing you had.

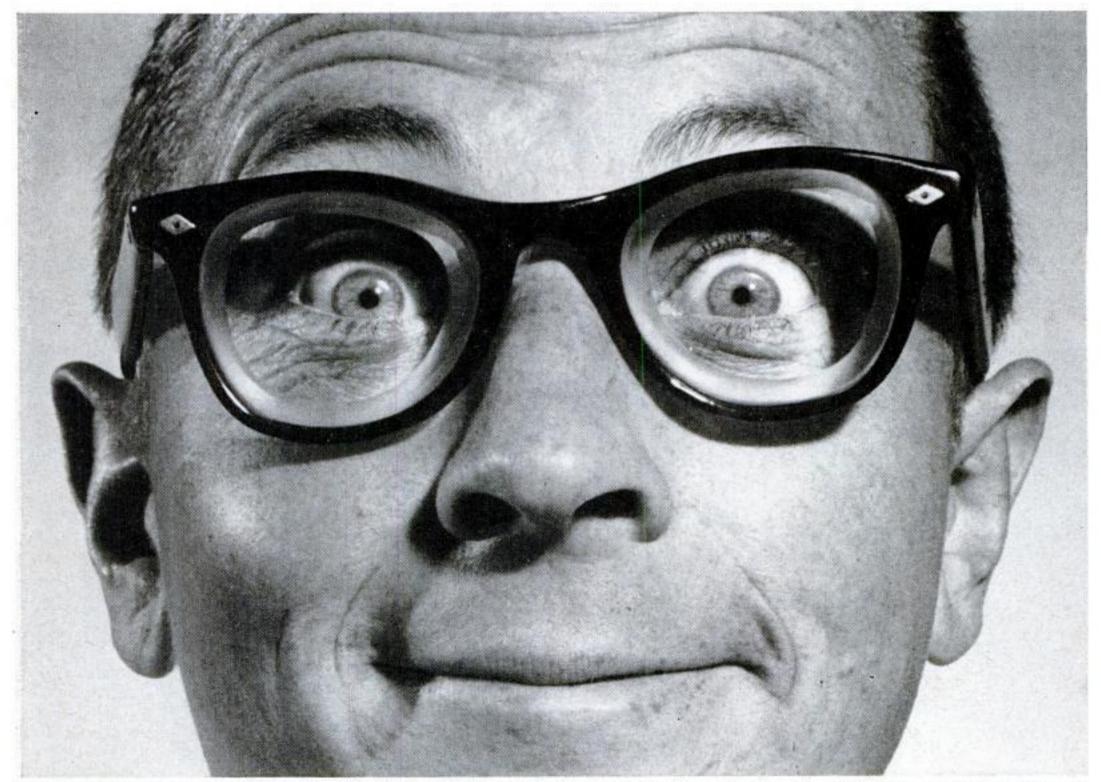


Ever miss a priceless snapshot because the film ran out? With the new, thrifty Duo-Pak, you have 2 rolls of Kodak Film-one for your camera, one for a spare. And there's a nice little saving, too. In the popular 620, 120, and 127 sizes. (All Kodak Films come in single rolls, too.)

First choice of beginners and experts alike-Genuine Kodak Film-in the familiar yellow box

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.





UMPIRE STRATTON'S LEATHERY TOUGHNESS (TOP) VANISHES AS HE TURNS MEEK BOOKWORM IN "THAT'S MY BOY!"

DON'T KILL THIS UMPIRE

Gil Stratton is also an actor who plays a harmless Milquetoast on TV

When Gil Stratton Jr. slips on his mask and barks decisions at ballplayers in the Pacific Coast League, he is no less raucous, no less inflexible and no more popular than any other umpire on any other diamond. However, there are few players who wouldn't prefer to deal with the other Gil Stratton, a 32-year-old TV actor who dons spectacles and a meek manner

and plays the bookworm son of an All-American windbag (next page) on That's My Boy! (CBS-TV). The two Strattons are one and the same. Outdoing most umpires, who ballplayers assume lead double lives, Stratton is also a five-times-a-week sportscaster on Hollywood Station KNXT, and for fun motorcycles up and down hilly firebreaks near his home.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Forgotten something?



Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don't have a certain product tucked into a suitcase, at least a part of your vacation

might be spoiled.

For what's more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is *internal* sanitary protection. It never "shows" under a wet or dry bathing suit. And is it *comfortable!* Actually, you don't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don't have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax

in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



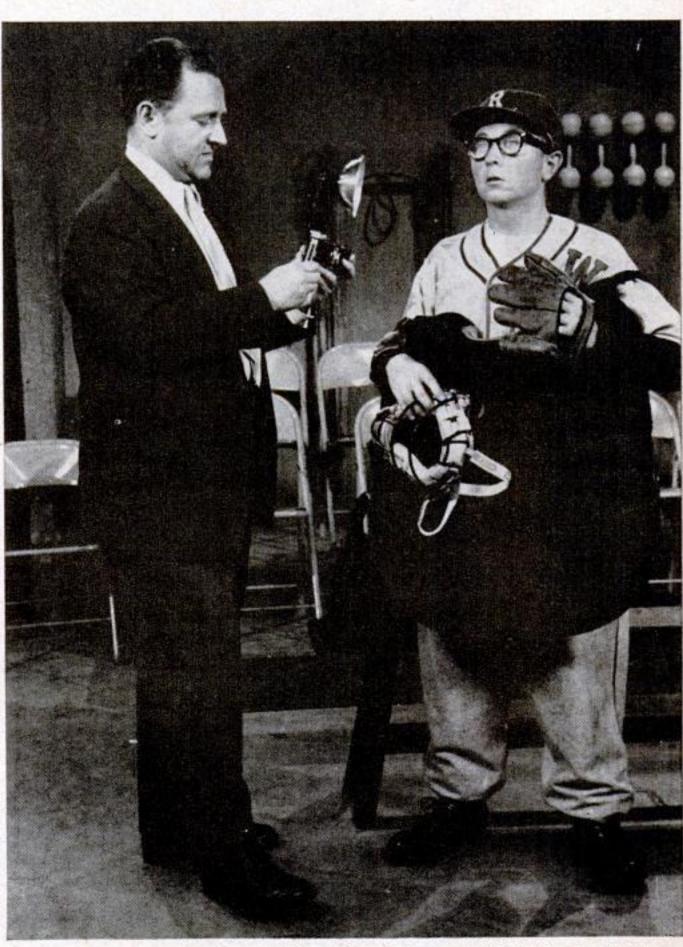
Umpire-Actor CONTINUED



AS AN UMPIRE Gil Stratton calls a ball foul during play in a Pacific Coast League game. He began umpiring in high school where he also played hockey.



ON HIS MOTORCYCLE Stratton arrives for work at CBS's TV City. Besides scaling hills on it, he once rode it all the way to his home in Chicago.



IN TV ROLE as sad sack son of Jarrin' Jack Jackson (Eddie Mayehoff), Stratton tells proud father he "made the team," later reveals it is the chess team.



ou can pay more but you can't buy better land buy better

The Fordor Sedan is one of 5 distinctive Customline body styles. Like all Fords, it is powered by a truly modern, deep-block, low-friction engine—either the 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 or the go-packed, thrifty Six.

You could easily put hundreds of dollars more into your next car and not have all the advances you get in Ford today. All Fords, for example, are available with the most modern V-8 in the industry, the new 130-h.p. Y-block V-8... all Fords bring you new Ball-Joint Front Suspension... all Fords have clean, graceful lines which will still be in style years from now. So, naturally, when it's time to trade, Fords can be expected to return more per dollar invested than any other car!



The Ford Skyliner—with its picture-window roof—is an "exclusive" in Ford's field. And it's but one of 5 distinguished body styles in the *Crestline* series—each a recognized leader in looks wherever fine cars gather. You couldn't buy better styling at *twice* the price.

The Ford Tudor is one of 4 popular body styles in the lowest priced Mainline series. And, like all Fords, it's setting a new standard in riding comfort and handling ease with the greatest advance in chassis design in 20 years—new Ball-Joint Suspension.

Worth More when you buy it
Worth More when you sell it!





A DOCKSIDE SHOVEL UNLOADING THE FIRST ORE SHIPMENT TO REACH KITIMAT'S NEW SMELTER SWINGS POWDERY WHITE ALUMINA FROM BOAT TO DOCK

First Work for Kitimat

CANADA'S GREAT SMELTER GETS ORE, POWER

Earlier this summer, huge shovels in the wilds of British Columbia began unloading aluminum ore from Jamaica into the bins of a new plant at Kitimat and a stupendous engineering feat neared completion. To provide the thousands of horsepower needed to operate what eventually will become the world's largest

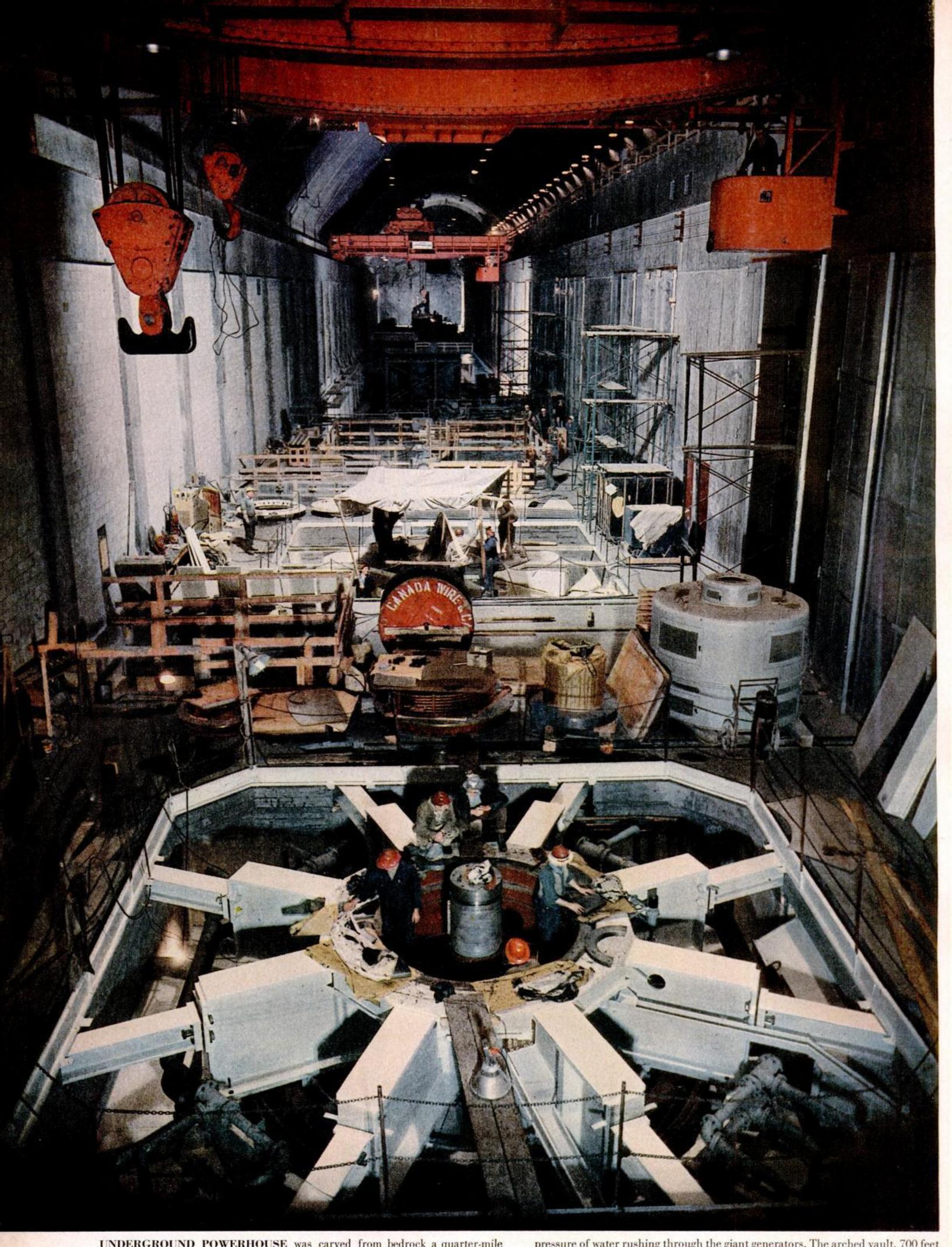


HIGH ABOVE KEMANO VALLEY, LINEMEN ON UNIQUE HOLLOW 110-FOOT ALUMINUM TOWERS PREPARE TO STRING POWER LINES TO KITIMAT, 42 MILES AWAY

aluminum smelter, the Aluminum Company of Canada had set out three years and \$275 million ago on the largest private power project ever undertaken. To reverse the flow of a river and the whole chains of lakes which fed it (Life, Oct. 13, 1952), it built a huge dam to block the east-running Nechako River. Then

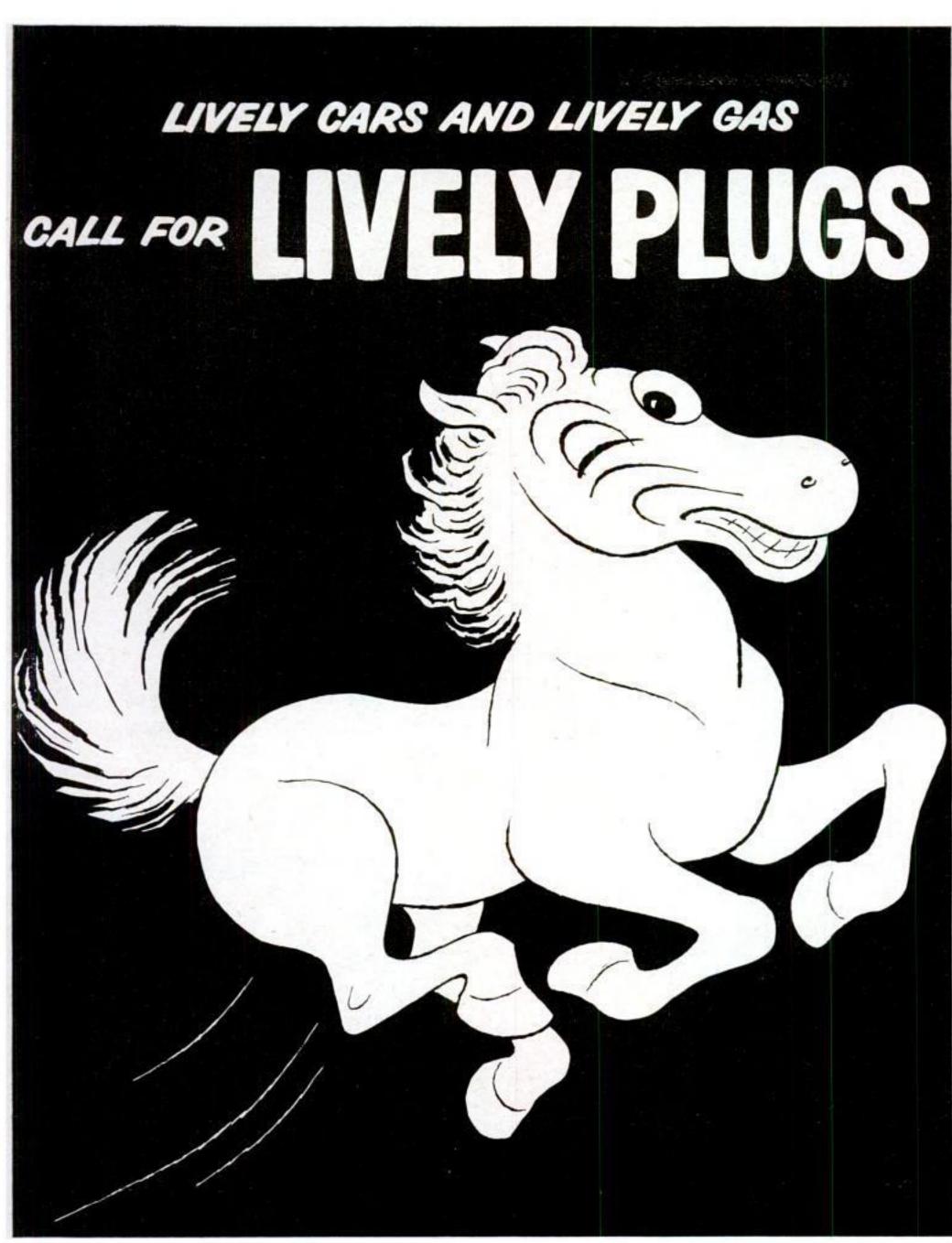
a great tunnel, 25 feet high and 10 miles long, was cored from the rocky heart of 8,500-foothigh DuBose Mountain to carry the rushing waters westward to an immense powerhouse entirely within the mountain (next page). Finally, thick transmission cables were laboriously stretched across 50 miles of rough terrain

(above) to carry power to Kitimat's smelter. At first, Kitimat will produce only 91,500 tons annually, a mere drop in the smelter to the company's eventual goal of 550,000 tons, which is more than all Canada produced last year. By then, Kitimat's staggering cost will have reached three quarters of a billion dollars.



UNDERGROUND POWERHOUSE was carved from bedrock a quarter-mile inside DuBose Mountain to get structural strength needed to contain the terrific

pressure of water rushing through the giant generators. The arched vault, 700 feet long and 120 feet high, now holds three 140,000 hp generators, may get 13 more.



ENGINEERED TO THE TEMPO OF TODAY PATENTED INSULATOR MATERIAL PATENTED **HEAT-SEALED** PATENTED COPPER-GLASS SEAL Boosts Power... Saves Gas! The Exclusive **AC Petticoat Insulator Tip** This recessed thin tip skirts, but does not touch, the center wire. It heats up much more quickly, burns away oil and carbon deposits which are likely to foul

ordinary plugs which do not have this feature.

We'll bet this is the first time you ever got a tip from a horse! But, it's a good one, 'cause when it comes to spark plugs, our Sparky knows what he's talking about.

He'll tell you clean plugs save gas. He'll tell you, too, that AC's exclusive "hot-tip" feature means a remarkable saving in gasoline—because a hot insulator tip burns away carbon and oil deposits, prevents plugs from fouling. Gas mileage goes up! Horsepower goes up! You get quicker, easier starting, too!

So, when your plugs get close to the 10,000-mile change point, switch to "hot-tip" ACs. That tip comes straight from the horse's mouth. Why not act on it now? See your Registered AC Dealer.

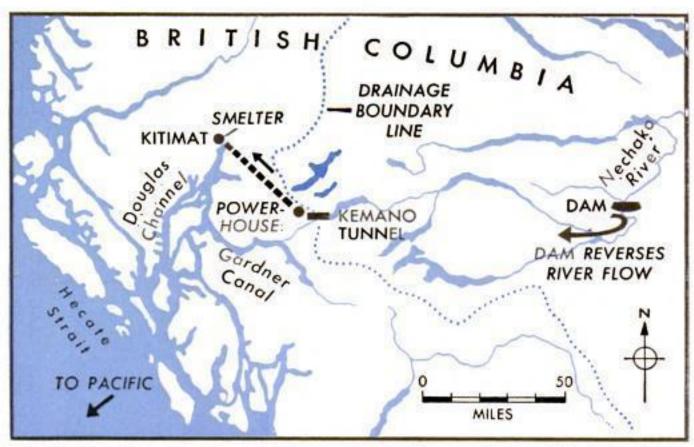
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

GM

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON CHEVROLET . PONTIAC . OLDSMOBILE . BUICK . CADILLAC . GMC

KITIMAT CONTINUED



KITIMAT OPERATION starts at previously east-flowing Nechako River (right) which was dammed up to create a 6.5-billion-gallon reservoir, reversing the area's drainage flow. Reservoir is tapped at Kemano Tunnel beneath mountain and power is sent (dotted line) to smelter 50 miles northwest.

BIG JOB, BIGGER FUTURE

The notable three-year struggle of 10,000 men and machines to build a great dam (below) and reverse a whole drainage area (see map above) ended when Kitimat's first ingot was ceremoniously poured this month in the presence of a royal visitor (p. 54). But the real job of building Kitimat was only beginning. Eventually another tunnel will be cut through DuBose Mountain, four times as many generators added to the powerhouse and additional transmission lines strung. Kitimat itself, whose present population is 3,000, may become a city of 50,000.



KENNEY DAM, 324 feet high, blocks Nechako River, whose former channel lies in foreground, while west behind the dam rises the new reservoir.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54





COSH! Kids and grownups go for

New Flavor Pepsodent! Tastes so

refreshing. That's not all! Because

of its exclusive formula, with Irium

New Pepsodent gets teeth cleaner

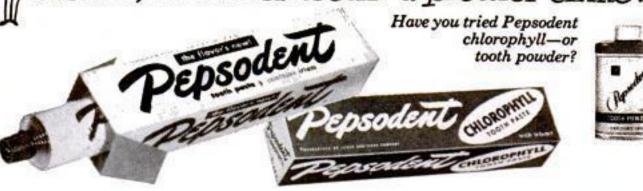
and whiter than any other leading

LEVER BROTHERS

GUARANTEE

YOUR DELIGHT!

YOUR DELIG



your own proof is the

Clean Mouth Taste For Hours

Make their first day Line, more exciting





first in fit with extra wear

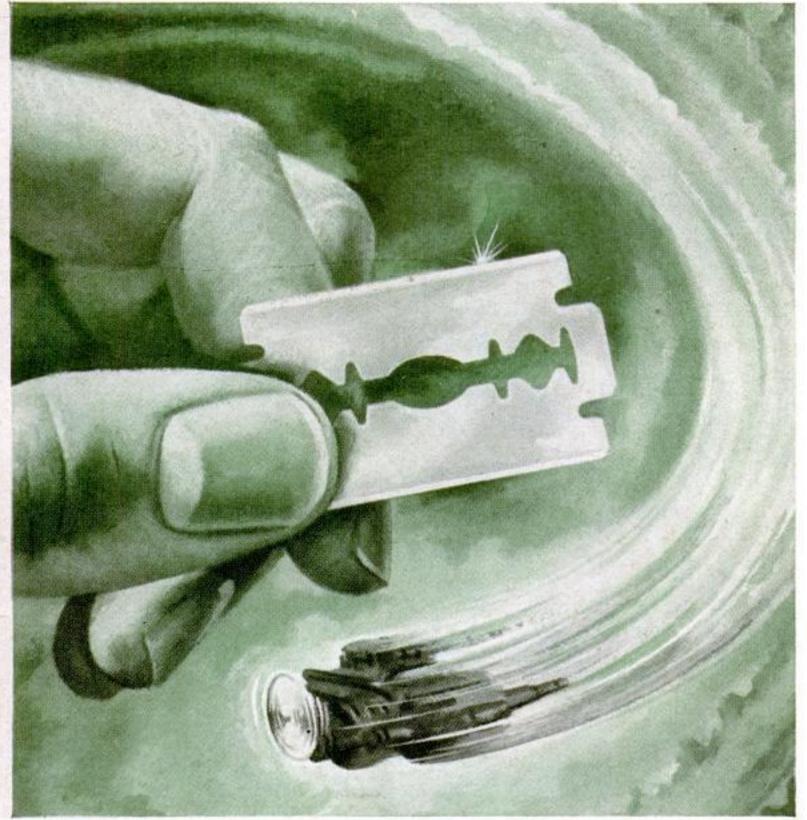
shoes for boys and girls

SUNDIAL SHOE COMPANY

MANCHESTER, N. H.

DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

Your engine's life depends on a film of oil 4 times thinner than a razor blade!



A razor blade may be only 4/1000ths of an inch thick, but that's 4 times as thick as some engine clearances!

Use high-quality Quaker State for the <u>super film</u> that assures less wear, greater economy

film your engine gets with Quaker State Motor Oil! Rich, enduring, highest quality, it keeps your engine cool and clean, guards against wear, rust, and acids. Refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, nature's best. The product of a half century of specialization in automobile lubrication—it is designed for today's demanding engines. Economical, too—because it lasts longer!

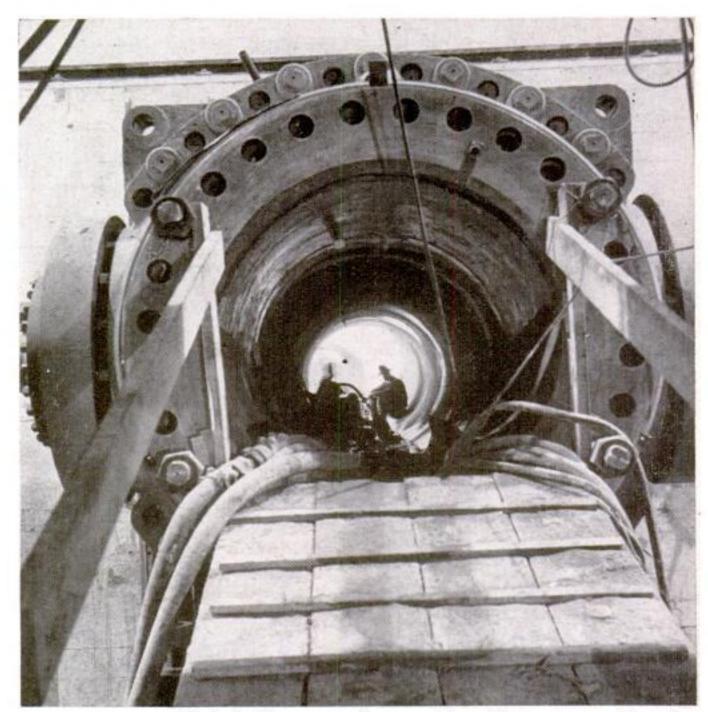
Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.



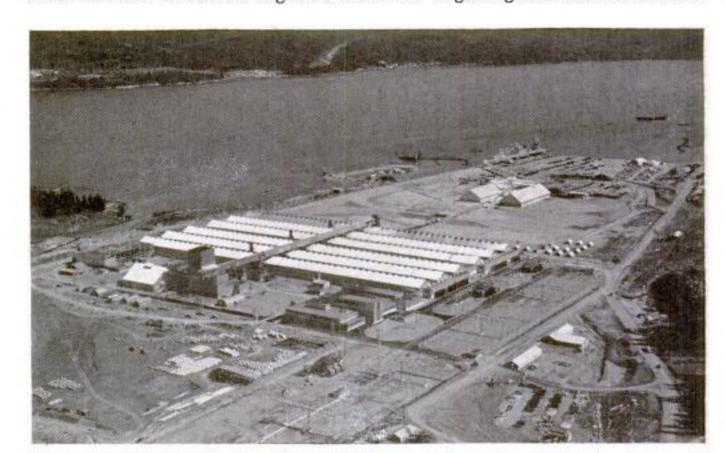
QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

KITIMAT CONTINUED



HUGE VALVE, which holds two workmen easily, will carry water from the subterranean tunnels and regulate water flow to giant generators at Kemano.



SMELTER SITE lies alongside the Louglas Channel, which is deep enough for ocean vessels. Long silver buildings hold the potlines where ore is smelted.



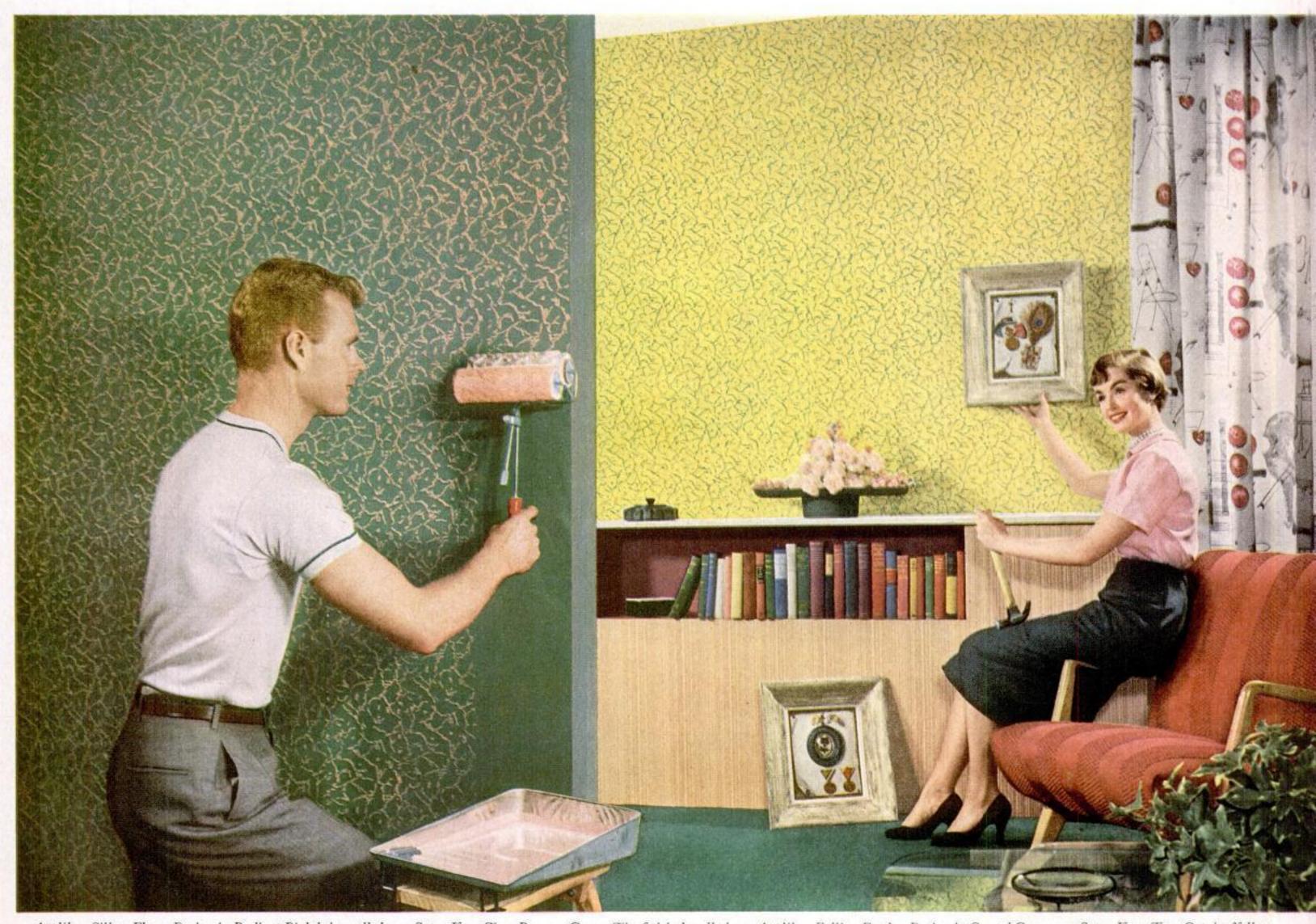
FIRST INGOT, weighing 50 pounds, is hefted by the Duke of Edinburgh at Kitimat's unveiling on August 3. At right is Alcan's president, R. E. Powell.



- 1. New for lemon pie lovers! Takes just minutes to fill a pie shell with this lemony good filling!
- 2. Guaranteed perfect texture . . . every time!
- 3. One package of Jell-O Pudding and Pie Filling makes a heavenly pie . . . or delicious pudding. Try some.

Vanilla Chocolate Butterscotch Lemon Coconut Cream

New Wall Decoration So Beautiful



Applikay Silken Fleece Design in Radiant Pink being rolled over Super Kem-Tone Ramona Green. The finished wall shows Applikay Falling Feather Design in Crystal Green over Super Kem-Tone Caprice Yellow.

Just Two Easy Steps To Achieve Lovely Applikay Effects



STEP ONE—With the Kem Roller-Koater®, give your walls a coat of Super Kem-Tone, America's favorite washable latex wall paint. Flows on easily, dries in an hour, looks velvet-rich on your walls.



\$5.45 gallon

\$1.73 quart
(Deep tones \$5.69 a gallon)



STEP TWO — Roll on Applikay in the design and color you choose . . . it's as easy as that! See your Super Kem-Tone Dealer . . . see Applikay demonstrated . . . try it yourself!



\$3.69 quart

\$2.19 pint (A pint is sufficient for

How MILD can a cigarette be?

These CAMEL smokers have known for 35-40 years!



J. RUSSELL FRASER, Detroit, Mich. "In 36 years I've tried all brands-but none gives me the flavor and agreeable mildness I always get in Camels!"

MRS. KATHARINE B. COELSCH, The Dalles, Ore. "Camels were my husband's and my choice 35 years ago. Then and now-the top brand for real flavor and mildness!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

For a discovery in pure smoking pleasure, make the famed 30-Day Camel Mildness Test!

record: now favored over the second-place brand by a wider margin than ever!

So make your own Camel mildness test. Thirty days or thirty years, you'll be grateful you found Camels!



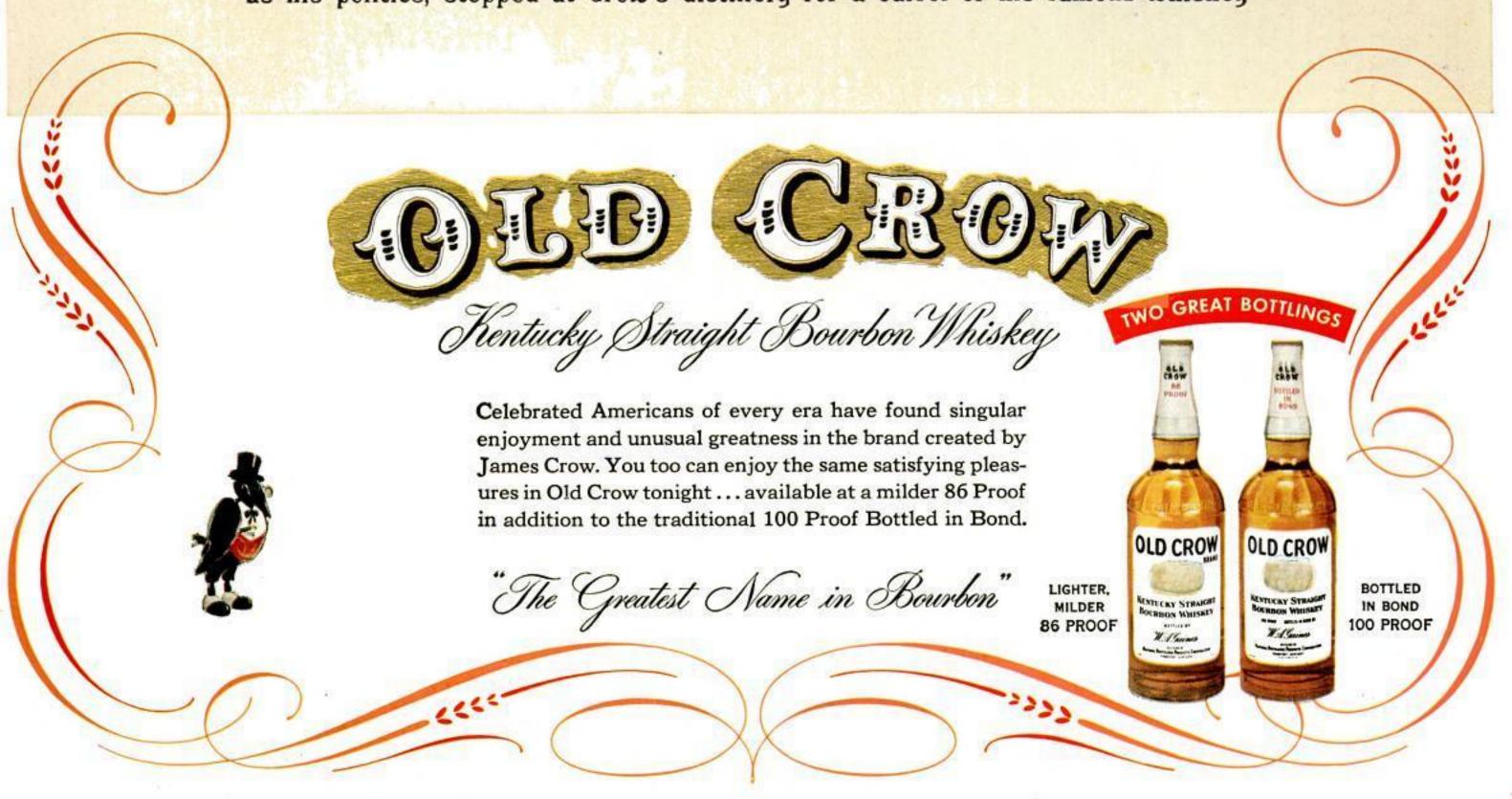
Evelyn Terjesen, New York City, Secretary

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE



HENRY CLAY STOPS BY FOR A BARREL OF CROW'S WHISKEY

Travelling through Kentucky, the popular statesman, who knew his whiskey as well as his politics, stopped at Crow's distillery for a barrel of his famous whiskey



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

BILLY, 2, AND PEPE, 2½

Two of the fastest friends in England's Bertram Mills Circus are a 2½-year-old chimpanzee named Pepe and a 2-year-old boy named Billy, whose father is in charge of the circus's chimp colony and on warm days lets Pepe out for a romp with Billy. Hearing of their friendship, a London Daily Mirror photographer visited the circus. When he arrived, Pepe walked up to shake hands, jumped to his shoulder and began chatting confidentially in his ear. Then he embraced Billy and gave him an affectionate nose rub, presenting the photographer with a chance for a delightful picture (right).

When the picture was published, dozens of delighted readers wrote in asking who was smarter, Pepe or Billy. The Daily Mirror sent a psychologist to find out. Though Pepe proved a neater eater and a superior climber, Billy won hands down such tests as stacking blocks, opening bottles and drawing pictures. From this the professor wisely concluded what every chimpanzee knows—that people are smarter than anybody. The conclusion satisfied everybody, including Pepe.





A man hardly ever has TIME all for himself

It's nice to come home to a nice home after a day at work...and it's nice to come home to someone who shares your interests.

Husbands and wives share their TIME in millions of homes across the nation and around the world these days. Together these successful people appreciate the way TIME organizes, checks and tells the news—with logic, accuracy, wit and wisdom.

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine—favorite of leaders everywhere: Executives... Doctors... Engineers... Clergymen... Judges... Educators... Officers in the Armed Forces... Federal, State and Local Officials—and their wives.

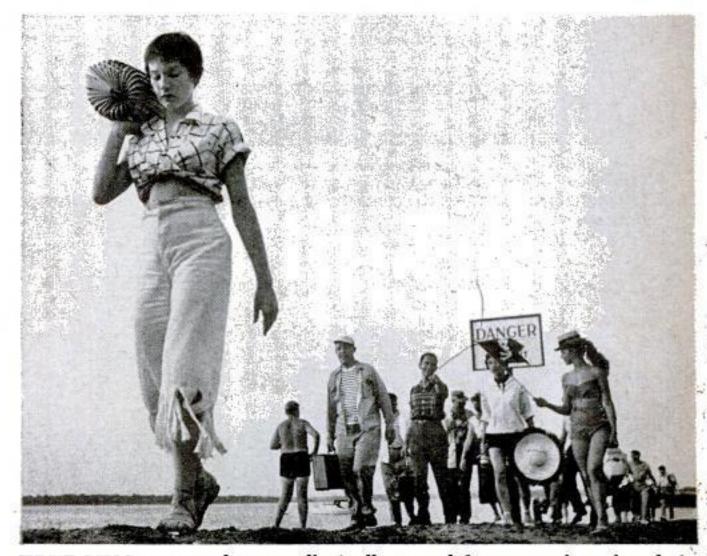
Treasure Island CONTINUED



SWIMMING off Wee Captain Island, near the treasure isle, revived the tired hunters who adjourned there for supper at home of party host LeMoyne Page.



CLOWNING by Margo Rodriguez beguiles the hungry hunters during steak dinner which they ate in beached whaleboat equipped with a Jolly Roger flag.



TRUDGING over sand, cast walk tiredly toward ferry—much as they do in first act of show when they file across stage returning from company picnic.





ONLY CASUALTY was Singer Mara Landi, who slipped in the haunted house following Janis over broken floor.

Island Hunt

GOES ON HECTIC QUEST

horrified to hear that the isle was rife with poison oak. Once reassured, however, that the hunt was on the oak-free acres of the island, the party divided into six competing groups and was soon racing wildly from clue to clue, gleefully tracking the treasure. Janis Paige (right), who is co-star of the Broadway show, was a standout as well on the hunt as she plotted with her teammates (below, left), scratched through the underbrush hunting a cutlass (below) and led her group through the last clues (right). Finally the clues led all hands to the beach and a free-for-all hunt for the buried treasure: six cases of bourbon under the rocks.

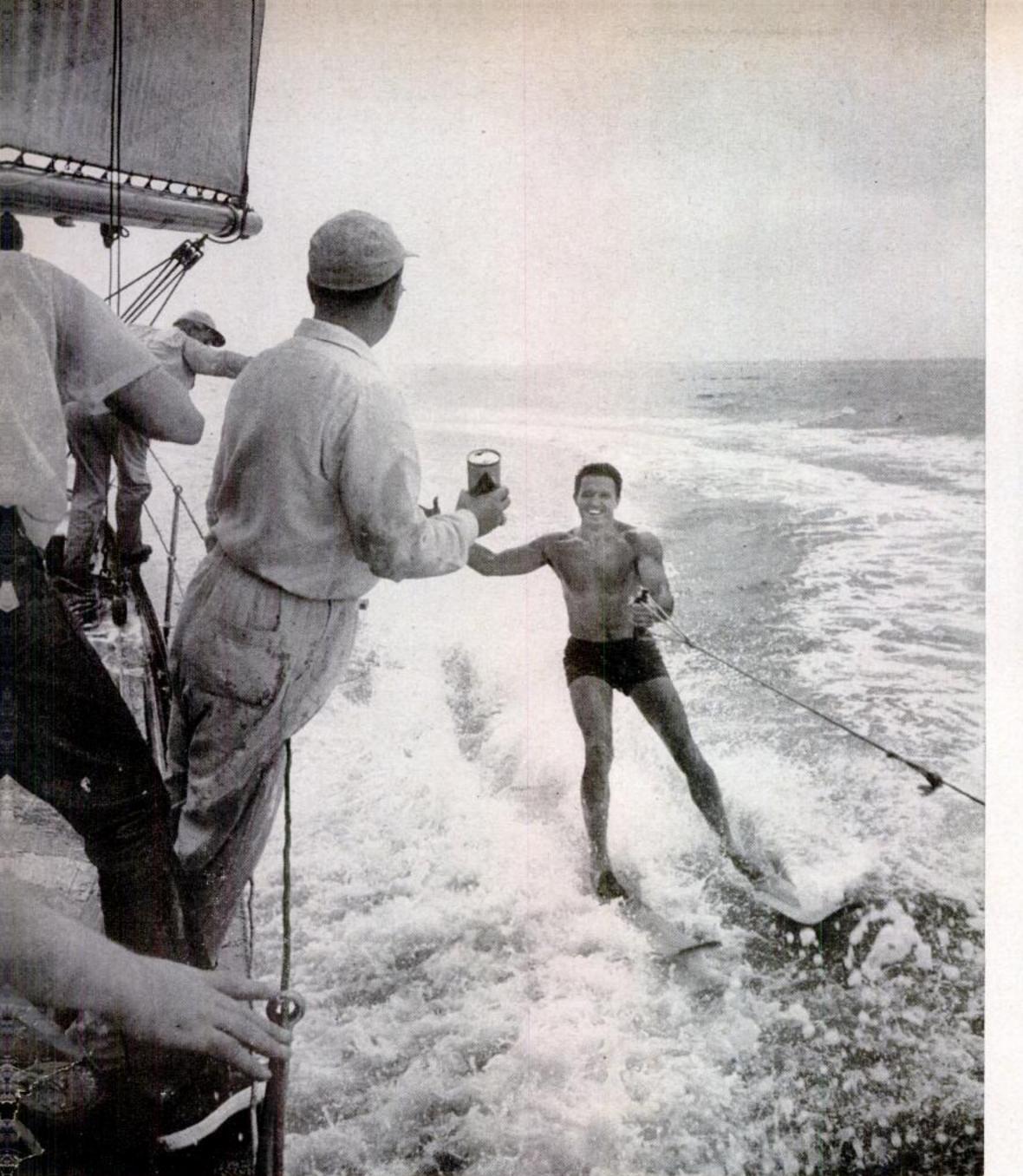


BEATING BUSHES for next-to-last clue stalled Paige's team till man who hid the clue gave hint.



RUNNING TOWARD TREASURE after finding last clue on path, Paige and group, who wore red

sashes identifying their team, head for the beach. Her team found part of treasure—one of six cases.



SKIING TOWARD BEER, Baritone John Raitt, the show's co-star, came to party behind a friend's

cabin cruiser. After making several passes on water skis past schooner, he finally got a foamy drink.

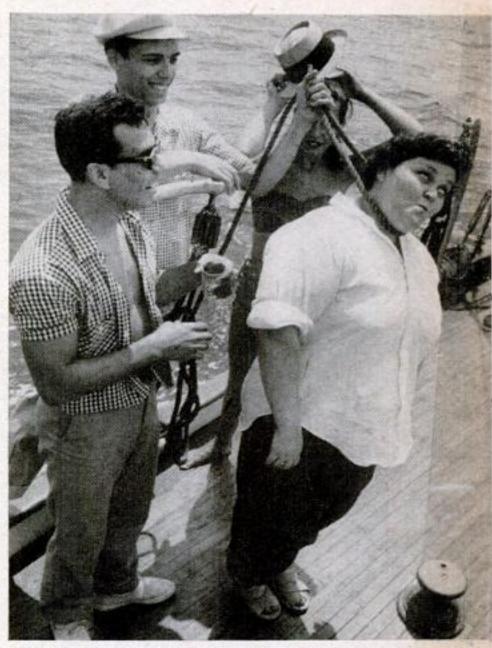


TREASURE MAP listing landmarks guided Janis Paige (center) and teammates to site of an early clue.



CLUE IN SKULL up a tree is retrieved by Dancer Phil Gerard and passed to Dancer Jim Hutchison.

Life's Party



HAMMED HANGING of Comedienne Thelma Pelish was one of games with which actors enlivened island trip,

A Treasure

CAST OF MUSICAL SHOW

Singing "This is that once-a-year-day Everyone's entitled to be wild, be a child, be a goof," the cast of *The Pajama Game* (Life, June 7) every evening conducts on stage the annual picnic of the Sleep-Tite Pajama Company. To celebrate the musical's top rating in New York, the cast this month on its day off had its own "once-a-year-day": a treasure hunt on Great Captain Island in Long Island Sound,

Sailing across to the treasure island on a 69-foot schooner, the actors were entertained by each other's goofiness (above) and some wild water-skiing by muscleman and male lead John Raitt (left). On arrival at Great Captain the city-dwelling cast was



HAUNTED HOUSE, an abandoned lighthouse, takes ticklish treading by Janis, clutching skull.



For safer driving Labor Day Weekend



Get "LITE-A-BUMPER" TAPE...help stop NIGHTTIME COLLISIONS!

special tools!

BICYCLES



TRAILERS

Sticks at a touch...
goes on like tape!





A warning light that's so effective it could

save your life-yet it needs no batteries . . .

no bulbs-can be installed in a minute without

"Light-A-Bumper" Tape is made with the amazing "Scotchlite" Reflective Sheeting

you've seen on traffic signs and billboards.

Headlight beams from approaching cars make it come alive—light up brilliantly,

clearly. It uses their light to flash the warn-

ing that your car is ahead up to a quarter-

of-a-mile away. The bright colors . . . red

for the rear; silver for the front . . . will not fade. Durable and long-lasting; sticks at a

For safer nighttime driving, protect your car with "Lite-A-Bumper" Tape today. Ask

touch—goes on like tape.

for it at your favorite retailer!



The terms "Lite-A-Bumper" and "Scotchlite" are registered trademarks of Minnesota Mining and Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. General Export: 122 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. In Canada: London, Ontario, Canada.

BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

"Well, dog my cats," I said to myself, with wonder and delight. "A double runway! Me and big brother are coming down hand in hand."

Having had the protocols of big-field landings drilled into me, I knew that the best way a light plane can mollify a busy tower man who wishes the pesky insect would go away is to do what the operator politely calls "expediting your approach." In other words, "Get on down, squat fast and clear the runway. Let's see some smoke come out of those little tires, junior." If you flutter slowly down in a textbook glide, seeing how long you can make the glide last before touching gently, some overdue airliner has to sit up there and wait for you.

I could feel the tower's baleful eye on me as I heard the radio warn a Constellation on base leg that it might have to go around because of a Pacer on final, and I determined to make up with everybody. I could see the faces of the passengers on the liner's left side as they goggled at a little green thing streaking down with them, and maybe some of them thought the Convair was going pretty slow for us to keep abreast. It wasn't. My cruising speed about equaled the Convair's full-flap approach speed. I didn't make a landing; I just flew onto the ground alongside him. They got plenty of smoke out of my tires, all right.

When I called the tower operator for clearance to a hangar, he spoke to me like a friend again, but next time I have no urgent business at a big field I'll land at a little one. You can get an inferiority complex. I could see that Convair pilot laughing at me all the way down.

WE made Scranton, Pa. the day after leaving New Mexico, arriving there just at sunset. Right there I had to make one of the most difficult decisions that can face amateurs on long cross-country trips. It was only 84 miles from home, we had a tail wind and a ground speed of 130 and it was 40 minutes until dark. I knew every inch of our home field as well as every tree, bush and obstacle around it. I had made many night landings on it with an instructor. Four kids, a nice house and a bottle of sour mash bourbon were waiting to remove the aches of 16 hours of cross-country navigating in two days. Besides, even if the tail wind died, it wouldn't really be a night landing anyway because the afterlight hangs around for several minutes after dark.

I decided to play it safe and wait for dawn, but I lay awake half the night in a Scranton hotel kicking myself for having come down. Here we'd had the most interesting vacation in seven years, covering far more ground and spending far less money than we ever had before (the two weeks set us back just under \$600, including two quarts of oil, the only attention the engine required during the entire trip), and then I had to go and make a foolish, unnecessary stop practically in our back yard. I had been getting sharper and sharper at this piloting stuff. We could have made it easy.

Next morning I studied the mountains on the way home and damn near broke my arm patting myself on the back.

"If you'd come in at night," said Bill Bohlke when I told him about the dilemma, "I'd have lifted your license and sent you back to ground school. What do you think you are—an aviator?"



SHOULD HE RISK IT? Fading sunlight is a tantalizing goad to the amateur flyer who thinks near the end of a long trip that he can just barely get home before dark—and knows he had better play it safe and stop over for the night.

BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

"Crash didn't hurt the fella a bit," a mechanic told me.

"Amazing!" I said.

"Naw, he was dead before he hit the ground."

SED to be, it was nice and peaceful in southern New Mexico. Now, to fly up to Alamogordo, you have to follow the highway through a narrow corridor between two ominous zones marked "danger area" on the map. On your left the air is alive with V-2s, guided missiles and that sort of thing. If I had to stray I'd prefer the right side, because all they're doing over there is old-fashioned

antiaircraft practice.

We called the tower at Holloman Air Force Base to ask permission to fly over White Sands. (Years ago Natalie and I had done some of our early moonlight courting out there.) The tower acted like we were crazy, so instead we flew up between the mountain ranges and over the Chupadera Mesa to look at the site of the first atomic bomb explosion. That's in the verboten area, too, but pretty near the edge, so we decided to chance it. We were almost close enough for a glimpse at the historic spot when a silvery object loafing along at an indicated air speed of maybe 2,000 mph flashed across the horizon a few miles ahead of us. We scrammed.

Having dawdled all the way west, covering a few hundred easy miles between breakfast and lunch each day and then spending a pleasant afternoon and evening wherever we found ourselves, I became curious about how much ground an amateur could really cover without violating the laws of fatigue. They are sterner in flying than in driving because you can't just pull over to the side and take a nap. Of course, you're not missing head-on collisions by a couple of feet every few seconds, but from time to time you

have to make decisions and need your wits.

AJOR Larry Dyvad, a flier from Holloman Air Force Base, was operating a nice little two-runway dirt field west of Alamogordo as a sort of hobby and kindly put our plane up for the night. Even more generously, he got up at 5 in the morning to run his car up and down the north-south strip and test the mud from last

night's thunderstorm before I took off.

Dyvad pronounced the first half usable. I figured at worst the plane would just refuse to get off in the thin air and that there was plenty of goo to stop me before I hit the fence. Chunks of mud slapped the undersides of the wing with a racket like two .50cal. machine guns and when I pulled down the wing flaps, that game little bug rose out of the slop and hung about six inches off the ground at a speed no airplane should fly, not even the Kitty Hawk original. It looked like a flying mud pie. Keeping a foot or so of altitude, we were hitting an air speed of 65 at the halfway mark, and at the fence we were 150 feet in the air and doing almost 80. I looked back to see if Larry was impressed, but he was already walking back to bed. He'd said the first half was okay, hadn't he?

We went over the fringe of the Rockies at 12,000 feet and came into Chicago for a fuel stop which will always be memorable to me. Chicago's Midway Airport is one of the busiest fields in the world. It scares me every time I stop there in an airliner because every approach is over heavily populated areas and the runways seem awful short when you come barreling in aboard one of those four-engined monsters. It was always an unreasonable fear, I reflected as I approached the great city this time in our tiny puddle-jumper, and what better way to cure it than to land at Midway myself?

When I called in from 15 miles out, the tower assigned me Run-

way 31 left.

"Left," I thought. On the radio I asked, "You mean a left-hand pattern?"

"Of course you use a left-hand pattern unless otherwise ad-

vised," the operator said in a tired voice. After being told to turn into my final approach, I was somewhat startled to find myself coming face to face with a Convair, making its final turn in a right-hand pattern and looking very much like an airplane about to swipe my runway. Convair Liners are mighty big in spite of having only two engines, our paths seemed to be converging with disconcerting speed and I remember that my right foot, conditioned by years of driving, automatically stabbed for the brake pedal which wasn't there, as if I'd seen a Greyhound bus roaring at me.

Oh, oh, I thought, the poor, overworked guy in the tower made

a little error. I'd help him out.

"You overlooked a Convair," I said in a forgiving tone. "It's all right, though; I don't mind going around and letting him in first." "Continue your approach!" the tower snarled back disgustedly.

"I gave you a left pattern for 31 left. He has 31 right."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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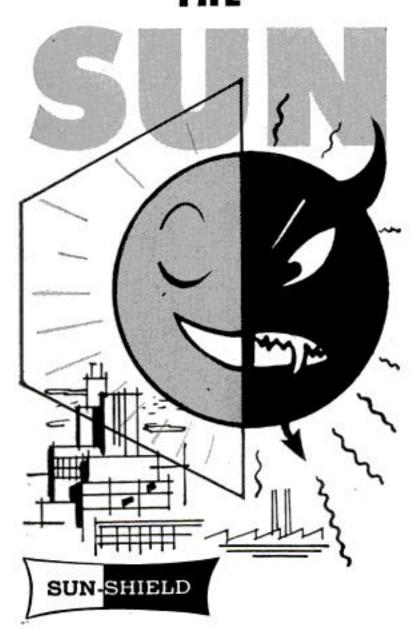
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THANKING ENGINEER of passing train for the sure navigation guidance of the railroad tracks, passenger waves while the pilot waggles plane's wings.

BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

El Paso had had in years. Our hair was beginning to stand on end as we heard the operator talk the jet down O.K. Then he turned his attention to a silly little Cessna that hadn't had sense enough to come in out of the rain and had barely made the field before the gusts came.

"Don't use your brakes," the tower was saying. "Try holding it down tail high with your throttle and let it weathercock. That

wind is hitting 60."

Thunderstorms are common things to pilots in the Southwest, and no doubt a more experienced hand would have simply hung around the fringes of this one and waited for it to pass from the airport. But I am easily impressed by newspaper stories of little airplanes and their contents being picked up on blotters after bouts with the elements. Also, although I grew up in New Mexico, I have become used to the more dainty Eastern variety of cumulo-nimbus and this Western baby appalled me. Of course, I could have called El Paso for advice but I could tell that the tower operator was going to be awful busy, with a couple of big liners beginning to call in, and I didn't want to bother him with our little problems. My impulse was just to sit down quick in the string beans somewhere and think things over. At that moment Natalie happened to notice a string-bean field below and I landed on a narrow dirt strip somebody had carved out for a crop-dusting Cub.

Leaving Natalie uncorking a thermos bottle of ice water under the 120° shade of the Tri-Pacer's wing, I walked a half mile to the highway and stuck out my thumb toward the town of Fabens. Soon an ancient truck containing an ancient, good-natured Mexi-

can farmer came out of a nearby field and stopped.

"I don' pick up heetchhikers," the old gentleman said, "bot I see you lan' the arrplane. You got trobble?"

"Trobble's what I'm trying to stay out of," I said. "I want to call the El Paso field from Fabens and find out if any runways have floated off."

"You wannt stay outta trobble, why you ride that theeng in the forst place?" he said as he dropped me off at a garage with a phone. The tower told me the storm would be gone by the time I got there and asked how come I was phoning instead of radioing. I said that the radio had told me the air was full of drowned jets and Cessnas flying backward and I hadn't wanted to jam up the frequency. They allowed that was a right neighborly attitude.

By the time I had hitchhiked back and we approached El Paso under the scuddy remains of the storm, they paid me back by letting me make a straight-in approach and by advising me which puddles on the runway to land between. The field was a mess: every runway was a lake, the disabled jet still sat disconsolately on the runway it had barely made, the Cessna was near it, its door agape, as if the pilot had shot out of the nearest exit as soon as the wind had died enough for him to abandon ship.

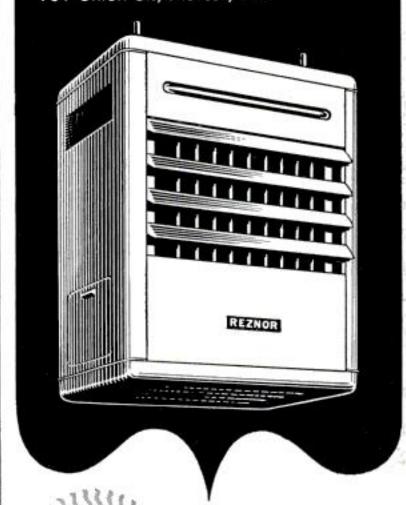
In a repair hangar at a little Kansas field a few days afterward, I saw a convincing piece of evidence of the folly of kidding around with the old god Thor. A four-place, all-metal monoplane which had blundered into a thunderstorm lay in a corner, its fuselage twisted completely around so that the tail was upside down. They never had found the left wing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

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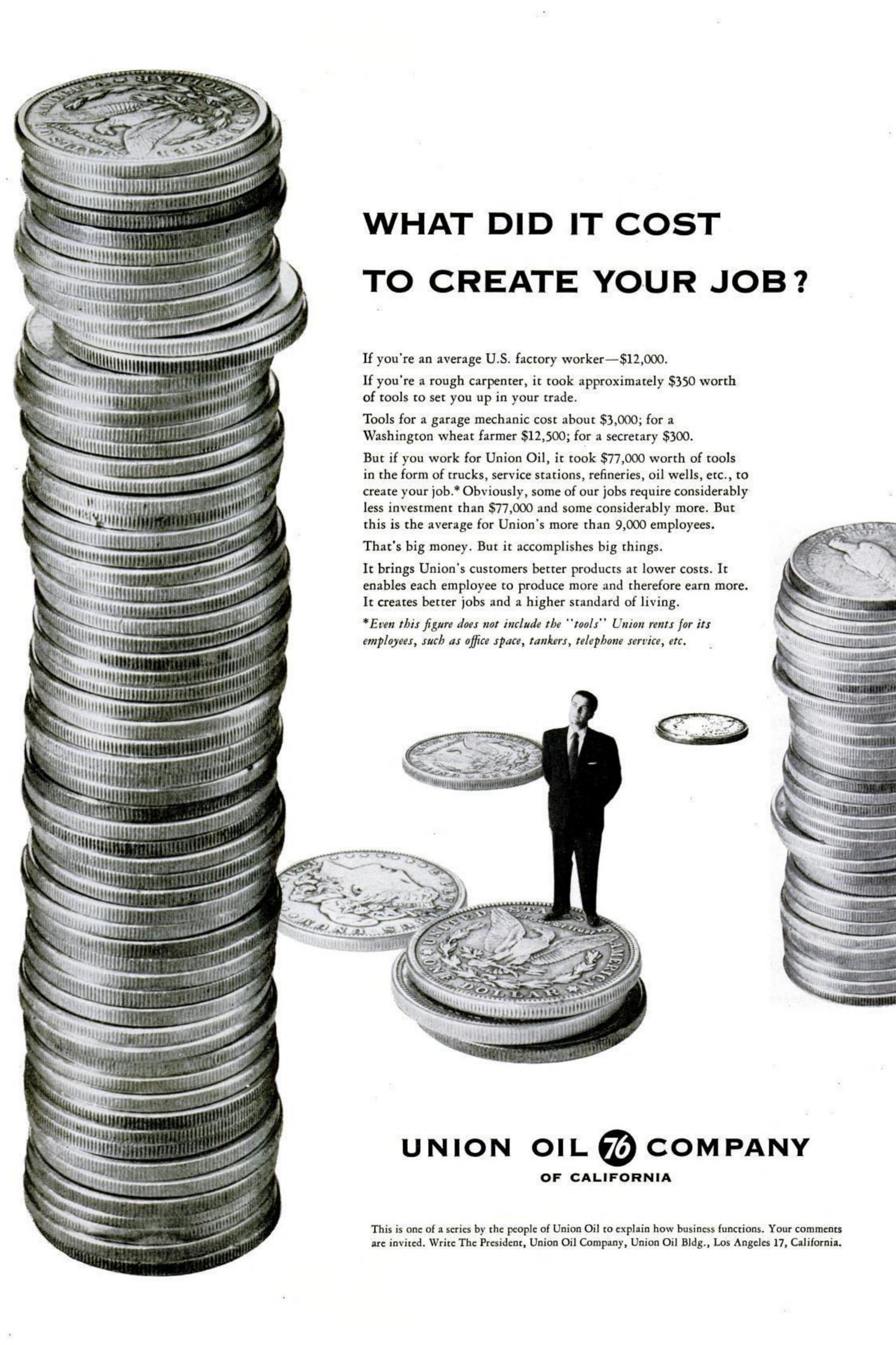
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FLYING BLIND, ALMOST, Mauldin hunches down in his seat while making a radar-guided approach to Dallas on airport's request so tower could practice.

BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

I popped up for a look through the windshield and, sure enough, we were lined up in a perfect approach. I was also gratified to see three airliners, two DC-6s and a Constellation, idling near the end of my runway and waiting impatiently to take off after the performance ended. This was my big day. I pulled down the wing flaps a notch and ballooned upward 10 or 15 feet.

"Correct your rate of descent!" That boy had a sharp screen. "You are now over the boundary. Land your aircraft."

All I had to do was haul back a bit on the wheel and we greased down into the prettiest landing I ever made.

"Thank you for your cooperation," the tower said.

"Thank you," I said.

"The weather is so good around here most of the time that we have to do these dry runs to keep in practice," he said, sounding for all the world as if he'd been trained in a California tower.

I then proceeded to get lost taxiing around the vast expanse of Love Field.

N the way to El Paso we stopped at Midway for gas and I asked a local pilot what altitude would be best over the Guadalupe Pass.

"Why don't you duck the pass? Take a little longer and follow the Texas and Pacific Railroad down around by Pecos and Van Horn," he said. "That is, unless you just want to navigate."

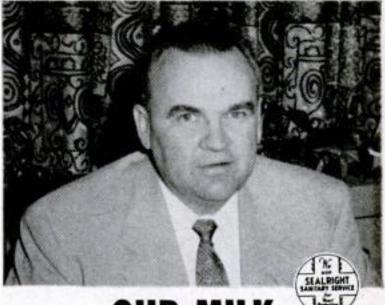
We took his advice and it was the best ride of the whole trip. You can't lose your way when you're following the only railroad track for a hundred miles around. For the first time I really understood what oldtime fliers mean when they refer affectionately to railroads as "iron compasses." You get to love those shiny tracks after a while. You find yourself following them even around the bends, just for the hell of it, when you could cut straight across and pick them up on the other side of the mountain. You feel such a rail-hugging kinship with the long, sluggish freight train below that pretty soon you fly down to waggle wings at the engineer, who dutifully waves back, just as he never fails to return the salute of each lonely little shirttail muchacho hoeing his daddy's track-side frijole patch.

Messing around low this way, I should have been watching for dust-devils, the miniature twisters which start whirling up from the desert floor as soon as the sun gets good and hot. We ran smack into one near Kent. It dropped our wing, slapped our nose around where our tail should have been and nearly cost us both our lunch. As Natalie dived for her Dramamine bottle I went for the stratosphere. We found that at 12,000 feet we couldn't wave at trains any more, but the dust-devils couldn't reach us there.

Over Fort Hancock, near the Mexican border, we watched a giant thunderhead building over El Paso, 50 miles away. This cloud was way out of even Old Ugly's class: its anvil top reached 30,000 feet and it was fully 20 miles wide at the base. It hung there, black, malignant and alone in the clear Southwest sky, winking balefully with lightning.

Thirty-five miles out I tuned in the tower at El Paso's International Airport just in time to hear the operator clearing the runway for an F-84 whose jet had flamed out on his approach in the sluicing rain of what turned out to be one of the heaviest cloudbursts

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



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HETS TIQUID CORN REMOVER

"How can yuh tell if it flies this way or that way?" said Old Wild Blue Yonder. "These things don't fly-yuh steer 'em."

A meek-looking citizen got out of a Buick, peered into a greasy four-place job tied down on the ramp, then came over to the flyboy, who was now hopefully checking our oil, and asked how much it would cost to charter-hop his family to a nearby lake on the following Sunday.

"It would save me driving in all that traffic and the wife and kids

have never been up. They ought to get a kick out of it." Fly-boy eyes the man and his car speculatively.

"'Bout 40 bucks."

"That's close to 50¢ a mile! Why, I'd push 'em up there in a

wheelbarrow to save that kind of money."

"Your privilege, mister. Sunday's busy around here anyway." This enterprising aviator didn't screw the caps tightly on our wing tanks and got downright insulted when I borrowed his stepladder to do it myself. He dropped the gasket off the Tri-Pacer's oil stick and didn't engage the hood latch properly when he closed it. I know what he was thinking: "G'wan, yuh amachoor, come down blind with th' hood flappin' in your face. Learn about flyin' th' hard way, like I did at Keester Field durin' th' war when th' goin' wuz rough."

E decided to use the big airport at Dallas to get a couple of I minor things fixed on the plane. I called Love Field on the radio 20 miles out and they said sure, come right on in.

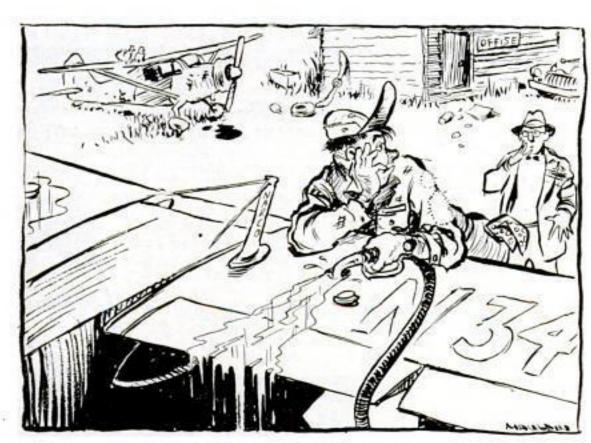
"If you don't mind," the tower said, "we'd like to get a little practice on our ground-controlled approach. Will you cooperate?"

Would I cooperate? Every junior birdman has his Walter Mitty dreams of being on an airliner full of beautiful women when the pilots are stricken and he must take over. Here was about as good a chance as I was ever likely to get to make a simulated blind landing on instruments with a whole municipal airport watching me.

"Why, sure, I don't mind," I said generously and switched to

the frequency they gave me for Dallas radar.

Radar asked for my instrument readings, told me not to reset anything from then on and had me do identification turns on different headings until they made certain beyond doubt that the little blip on that screen was us. Then an eerie dance began between the little green plane bobbing around at 2,000 feet and the radar man in his darkened room. To get the most out of it myself, I slid down in the seat until the cowl blocked off the horizon and I was more or less wobbling along on instruments, although I couldn't



CHURLISH KNOW-IT-ALL, contemptuous of amateur pilots ever since his Air Corps days, loses trade at his sloppily-run field by wasting one customer's gas, quoting high charter fee to another.

resist popping up from time to time to see what was going on and

get myself back on an even keel.

"You are now on your glide path eight miles out from touch-down, altitude 1,950 feet," the radio said. "Adjust your rate of descent to 400 feet per minute. You are now seven and one quarter miles from touchdown, left of your glide path, altitude 1,700 feet. Correct your heading to three zero. You are now . . . "

I never worked so hard in my life.

"Golly, you're smart," Natalie said admiringly.

"Correct," I said, into the microphone.

"Do not acknowledge my transmissions until further advised," the man said. "You are one and three quarter miles from touchdown, on glide path, altitude 600 feet."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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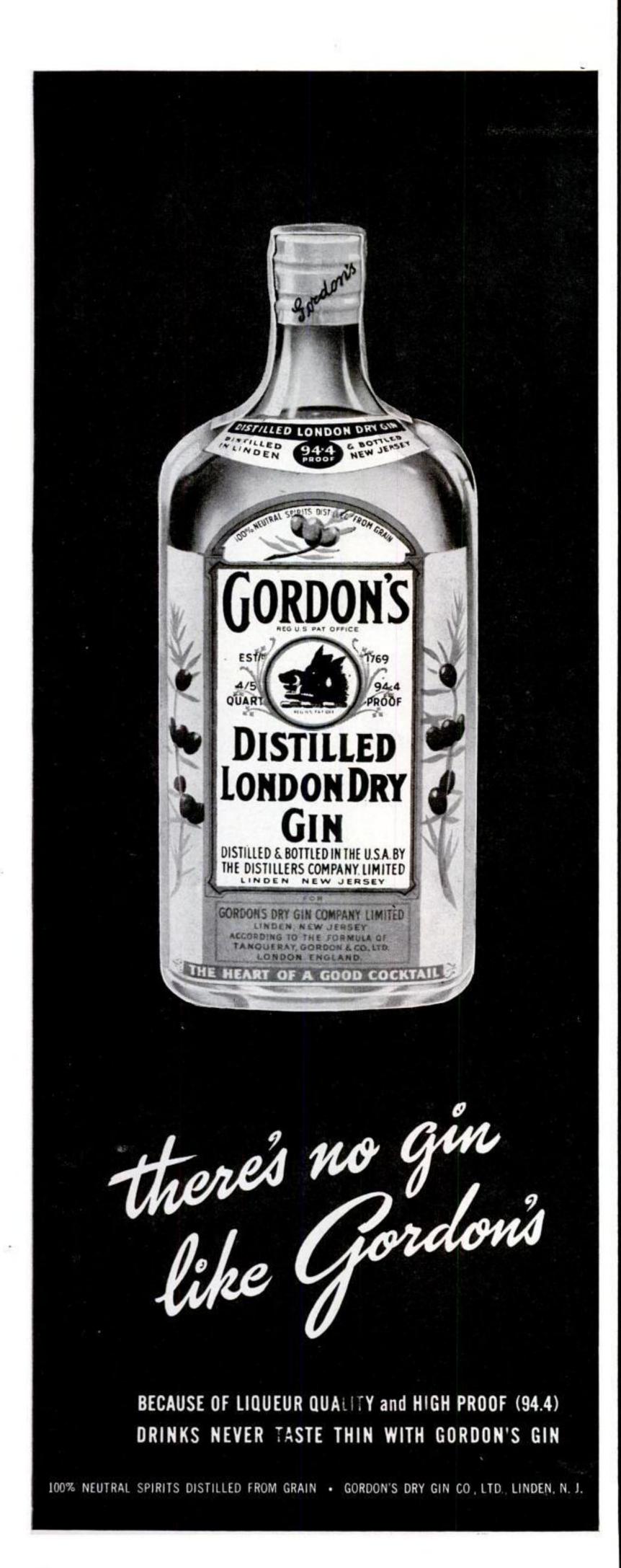
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BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

on the map. Why don't you circle around and look for your check point?"

I had been feeling a powerful urge to do just that. But I thought I ought to hold fast to the rules until I learned when to break them. Circling is the best way there is to get yourself really confused.

"The thing to do," I quoted aloud, "is hold your compass heading, get out your pencil and start figuring your ground speed against the last check point you know you passed."

"Why don't you turn north until you come to the power line?" she asked. "It's gooey down there."



OVER A LOUISIANA SWAMP discomfort overtakes both Pilot Mauldin, who has missed his navigation check point, and his wife, who envisions a forced landing among swampland creatures.

"The power line is an ace in the hole," I told her, "but it would be a disgrace to have to use it. Now lay off me while I figure."

Everything worked out the same on paper. We should have passed that check point at 161/2 after, and the next one was due in two minutes. By golly, it showed up right on schedule. I promptly turned us around and headed back.

"Oh, Lordy, what now?" asked Natalie.

"Look," I said as I pointed proudly over the cowl after a few minutes, "our old lost check point. I must have had my nose buried in the map when we were approaching it, and when we

started looking, it was so directly under us we couldn't see it." "You dragged us all the way back over this swamp to show me that?"

"We couldn't have got into trouble anyway, honey," I confessed. "See this little needle gismo on the radio? See those big circles marked off in degrees all over the map? Those are Omni stations. They send out a steady Morse code. All you do is tune one in, center the needle with this dial and the dial shows your heading from the station. Draw a line on your map from the station on that heading, then get another station and do the same thing. Where the lines cross is your position, or what you call a fix. It's the greatest invention since the self-starter."

"You had that right there all the time and let me sit here and

stew about the alligators?"

"Also, the Omni stations with voice facilities give you weather every half hour on the quarter hour," I said.

"Well, turn the gadget on," she said.

■OTHING is more unpredictable, I've discovered, than a small airport. Take off from a good airport and a jump or two away is a stinker, like one I remember in the South. It was the only field for miles around. A lazy-looking young joker sauntered over to our plane and asked if we wanted gas. His tone made it plain that if we didn't, the devil with us. Unfortunately we did need some.

"Where can we get a sandwich?" Natalie asked.

He waved vaguely down the highway.

"Got a washroom?"

"Plumbin's stopped up."

While he slopped 80 octane all over the plane, I said the Tri-Pacer flew a little heavy in the left wing and asked whether he thought I ought to bend the tail fin a little when I adjusted the aileron tab. He shifted his chaw, looked sorrowfully at me and then smirked. And all of a sudden I remembered where I'd run into this stuff before. You used to see a fair amount of the same insolent cockiness, derived in some mysterious way from association with airplanes, among a number of Air Force characters, and it was what made infantrymen socially preferable, by and large.

It's always good to know exactly where you are in the mountains."

"Don't be silly," she said. "I'm doing it to keep my mind off getting sick. They're playing Stalag 17 at the Barter Theater in

Abingdon, if you'd care to see it."

There's no finer excuse than culture to rest your aching arms. With assurance over the radio from the weatherman for clear skies in the morning and a promise from Natalie that we'd make an early start, I gave up the idea of covering vast distances that day. We came down for an evening at the theater.

"I'm sorry, but we're awfully beat," said Natalie when Bob Porterfield, the Barter Theater's proprietor, invited us out for a



KINDLY OLDTIMER at a converted old military field takes a fatherly interest in flying novices and helps to plot their course.

drink after she'd looked him up to tell him how much we enjoyed the show.

"Rough trip, huh?" he asked.

"Almost as bad as driving," she said.

WE'D had our troubles in the beginning, but flying south and west next day we frolicked. The weather was hot but the air was smooth as silk, like it gets on a cold January day. The Tri-Pacer positively spread its wings and cavorted. We wuz fat, as

old aviators say.

We turned the radio to broadcast and flew to music, the engine purring happily in the background. We got to the Mississippi and Huck Finned our way down it, circling around barges at 500 feet, climbing to 5,000 to see how many bends we could count, and generally acting like people flying nowhere fast. We stopped at the Natchez Air Park, a smooth, well-kept sod field at the edge of town, and registered at an auto motel, where I was asked for my license number.

"N3497A," I said.

"What state?" the lady asked.

"Any state," I said. "There are no toll bridges on the highways of the heavens," I added. "Also no motorcycle cops and no checks for fruit bugs at the borders."

"I won't make you suffer too long among the antebellum houses," Natalie said, as the lady stared at me. "We'll go to bed early and get up to catch the smooth air and miss the cumuli."

"Dig that intellectual copilot!" I cried.

"Well, what do you call 'em-cumuluses?"

"I get it," said the lady. "You folks are flyin' through."

AFTER Natchez we flew over the Louisiana swamps just high enough so we couldn't see the cotton-mouth moccasins, which would have created a mental hazard. The simple thing would have been to follow the power line which paralleled our course a few miles to the north but I had my reputation to think about. By the time we reached our cruising altitude I had corrected for wind drift and laid out a dead-reckoning course, straight as an arrow, a few degrees subtracted here for East variation and a couple added there for West deviation, just like in the books. At 16½ minutes past the hour, we were supposed to pass over a check point, a funny-shaped lake. It wasn't there. There were two little round lakes instead.

"Well, well," said my wife.

"Wind must have shifted," I said.

"You got yourself lost."

"I know where we are within a 3-mile radius," I said.

"Oh, yeah? Show me those little lakes within a 100-mile radius

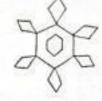
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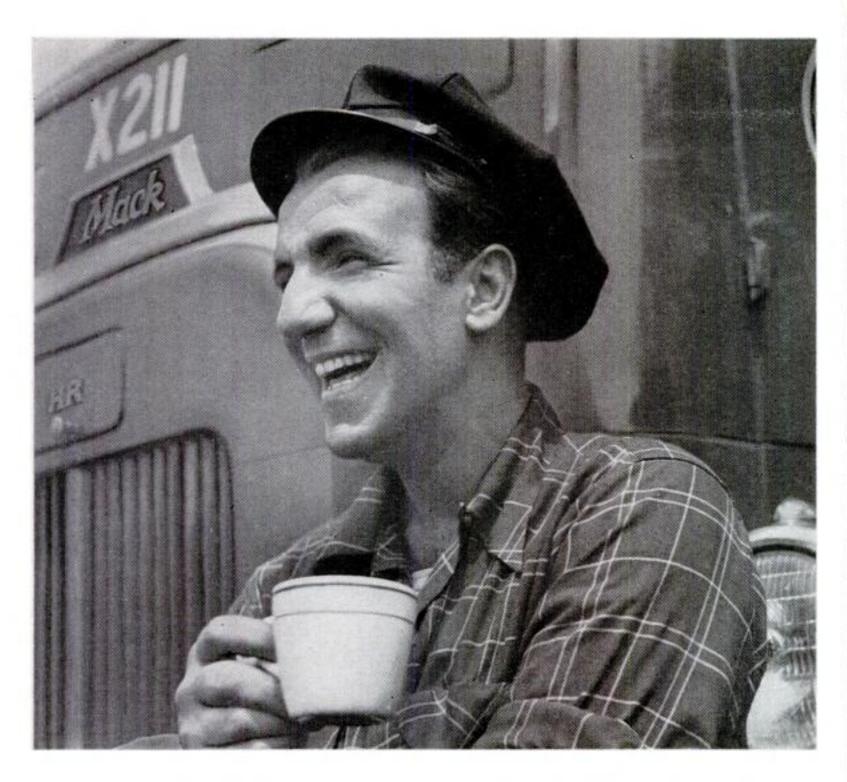
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See Page 95

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Discriminating eaters everywhere enjoy the unique, delicious flavor of

Durkee's FAMOUS. You, too, will love its distinctive tang on sea food, meats, poultry—or as a seasoning for salad dressings and sandwiches. Take your cue from famous dining places and use Durkee's FAMOUS to pep up your menus.





BILL MAULDIN CONTINUED

like Williamsburg, we have hotel reservations and we have tickets tonight to an outdoor performance of a musical drama about Thomas Jefferson. If we can't fly tomorrow I'll go through the governor's palace."

"I hope the line squalls get you right in the middle of the

second act," I said bitterly.

The musical turned out to be very good, despite the thunderheads piling up. The storm hit shortly after the show and my wife proudly told the surprised and drenched people on the hotel porch how smart her husband was about forecasting weather.

The next morning, while Natalie studied the blue in the governor's ballroom, I hung hopefully on the phone for ceiling reports from the Norfolk aviation weather bureau. At noon they reported 700 feet "broken," with "continual improvement to the south and west." So we took off, navigating very carefully along a course which would carry us over the greatest possible number

of airports.

Forty miles west 700 broken became 500 solid, with showers, so we came down at an old Air Force base near Petersburg. The field had that haunted, sagging, peeling look of all deserted military establishments. The control tower had tatters hanging from its soundproofed ceiling and the tinted plate glass had long since broken out of its huge, square eyes, which stared mournfully up into the murk as if expecting a B-17 version of the Flying Dutchman. A handful of brightly painted little joy planes were scattered about, looking like butterflies occupying a dead eagle's nest.

What used to be the operations shack had organdy curtains and flowers in the windows, and a nice old gentleman came out into the rain to greet us. He was interested in our plane, where we came from, where we'd been and where we were going. Being familiar with the Appalachians to the west, he suggested a couple of changes in our route to take advantage of passes. I like to think this guy flew the mails or something in the old days. You find the real oldtimers around small airports are nearly always nice to amateurs and awfully pleased to find a newcomer skittering around up there holding hands with his old love.

The ceiling lifted shortly, vindicating the weatherman, and we sailed westward under scattered clouds, with clear visibility. But we got our teeth jolted loose every inch of the way as we tried to hit some sort of compromise in altitude between the updrafts of the cumulus and the downdrafts of the ever-growing mountains. I finally slowed from 120 to 80 mph, playing the control wheel and the throttle like a one-man band with two trombones as I tried to anticipate each new lurch. Don't let anybody tell you that stuff

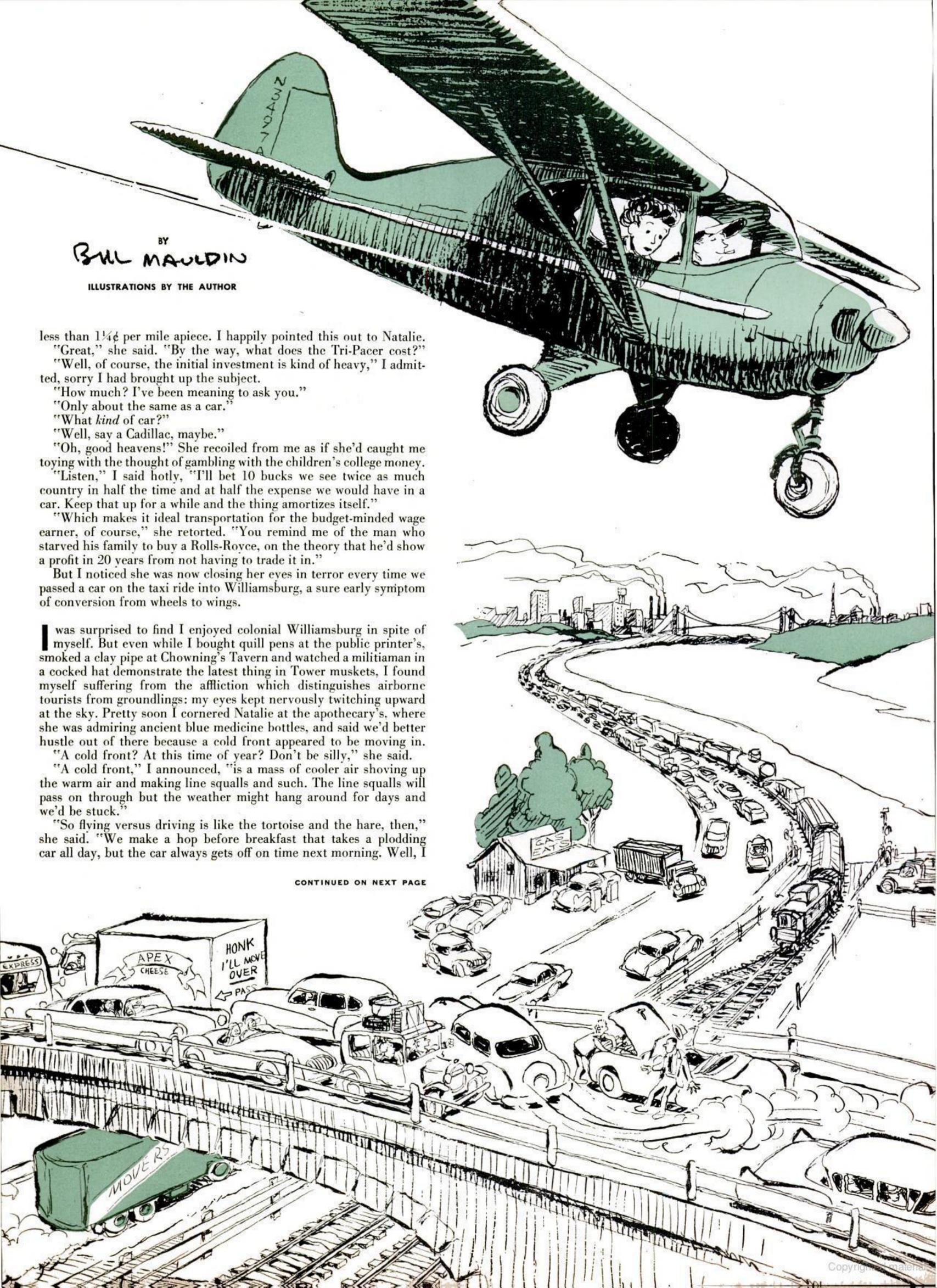


INCONGRUOUS TOURISTS make a quick jump from flying age two centuries back to colonial days in restored Williamsburg, Va.

you breathe is thin just because you can't see it. It's fluid, friend, and in the hills it can act exactly like a trout stream, twisting and leaping and burbling.

On this day it was as though we were dealing with a combination of waterfalls belting us down and busted fire hydrants shoving us up. Even the tiniest, fleeciest, most innocent little cumulus can sometimes give you a surprising wallop as you pass under him. If you climb above him there's Old Ugly, his big brother, dead ahead and staring you in the face. Finally we settled down to evasive tactics, twisting and ducking to stay out from under the bigger ones. I noticed that Natalie had taken the sectional chart off my lap and was busily tracing our route with a red pencil. It looked like a drunk snake's track.

"Thanks," I said. "I knew you had the makings of a navigator.



COME, NATALIE, IN MY FLYING MACHINE

Amateur pilot and wife have fun dodging thunderheads on a trafficless tour

LVERY summer my wife Natalie and I used to leave the kids with a nurse and climb into a car for a two-week jaunt around the country, getting reacquainted with each other in far-off and interesting places. As a result our marriage prospered and we learned a great deal about the United States.

But in the last three years our trips got shorter and shorter. By the time we finished each day's wrassle with traffic, our destination and its citizenry had lost any real or fancied charm for us and all we

were ready for was a stiff drink and a motel bed.

Last year we drove only 1,000 miles, which is no journey at all. One day, when we'd turned off the main pike to try a scenic little bypass, we found 10,000 others had got there first and were piled up bumper to bumper for miles behind a lady trying to figure out a vaporlock in her 200-hp Gastromatic hardtop. Natalie recoiled at the sight, turned to me with tears in her eyes and announced that as a motorist she'd had it.

"It'll probably mean the end of our relationship," she said. "These two weeks always brace me up for the next 50, but driving is just no fun any more."

So six months ago I started learning to fly in preparation for this summer's tour. My friends thought I was nuts. So did Natalie. She consented to go up with me for a trial trip only after weeks of persuasion. After we landed I said, "There, that was soft as a feather, wasn't it?" She confessed that she'd kept her eyes tightly closed from the moment I'd started the engine until I'd killed it.

Her eyes were shut again when the two of us took off last month, with baggage piled high in the back seat of a borrowed Piper Tri-Pacer, from Bill Bohlke's airstrip near Spring Valley, N.Y., where I'd been taking my lessons. A small knot of disapproving neighbors stood protectively about our wildly waving children. They were probably deciding which of the orphans each would take into his home.

Ten minutes after take-off I was encouraged to see Natalie open her eyes and study the New Jersey landscape below.

"Get a load of that traffic on 9W," I said.

"It does look pretty wormy down there," she admitted. "Maybe they did us a favor, squeezing us into the air—" she ended with a yipe of terror as I throttled the engine back.

"Oh, Lord, I knew it!" she cried. "A forced landing and we've just started!"

"I'm stopping at Teterboro to pick up some maps Bohlke didn't have," I told her.

"Teterboro! Isn't that where Arthur Godfrey knocked the tower down or something?"

"He only buzzed it," I said. "It was a silly thing to do, but he was sore because they made him take off crosswind."

"Are they going to make you land crosswind?"

"Of course not. Control towers are very nice as a rule."

I called Teterboro on the radio, and the tower's landing instructions, booming suddenly through the loudspeaker in the Tri-Pacer's ceiling behind Natalie's left ear, made her nervous again. She shut her eyes for the landing, which was just as well since they did bring us in crosswind.

We took off from Teterboro and set a course for Williamsburg, Va. My wife had driven a hard bargain before she would get into that airplane. I had to promise plenty of culture if she flew with me, including colonial Williamsburg, which she'd always wanted to see.

Williamsburg was an easy 21/2 hours at 120 mph and Natalie appeared to be relaxed most of the way-so relaxed, in fact, that she dozed off and slumped onto the controls a couple of times. It turned out that before take-off she had dosed herself liberally with Dramamine, certain that once we were really aloft and on our way we'd be tossed around that huge sky like a skiff in an angry sea. She revived somewhat as I circled the little local field and a few moments later tapped me on the shoulder in her best back-seat-driver manner.

You can't land here," she said.

"The heck I can't. I've landed in lots smaller places than this.

What makes you think I can't?"

"It says so in this." She produced a pamphlet labeled Notices to Airmen. "I borrowed it from Milton Caniff, up the road. He collects all sorts of flying stuff and this tells you about current airport conditions all over the country. This field is closed."

"Well, ship me back to the infantry," I muttered.

We landed at Patrick Henry Field instead. Before catching a ride to Williamsburg I had the plane fueled. The bill came to \$7 for 20 gallons of aviation gas, which worked out to about 15 miles per gallon,





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active
storehouse
of
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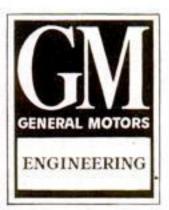
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Every inch is an active storehouse of power working for you dependable power, capable of handling the many jobs required of electricity in today's vehicles.

Always replace with a

DELCO BATTERY

Original equipment on more cars and trucks than any other brand





AN ANCESTRAL DOLL which her grandmother played with as a child in the 1880s is approached warily by Niña Iselin, 1½, during an outdoor children's party.



COURT DRESS worn by John Jay as minister to Spain is preserved in cabinet with letter from Washington congratulating Mrs. Jay on her marriage.



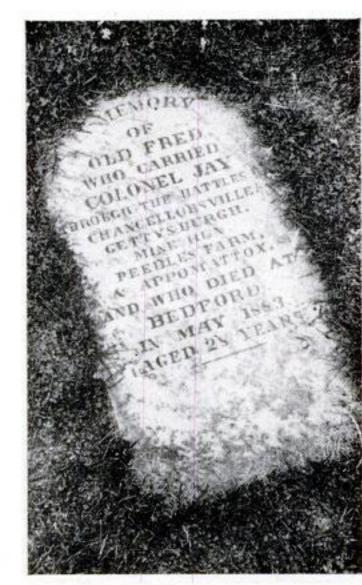


SUMMER PASTIME for the young descendants is cavorting in fountain in the rose garden. Jay laid out the garden himself, planted the oak in background.

YOUNGEST DESCENDANT of Jay at Bedford House is 2-month-old Pe; ter Jay Iselin, held by his mother before bed thought to have been Jay's own.

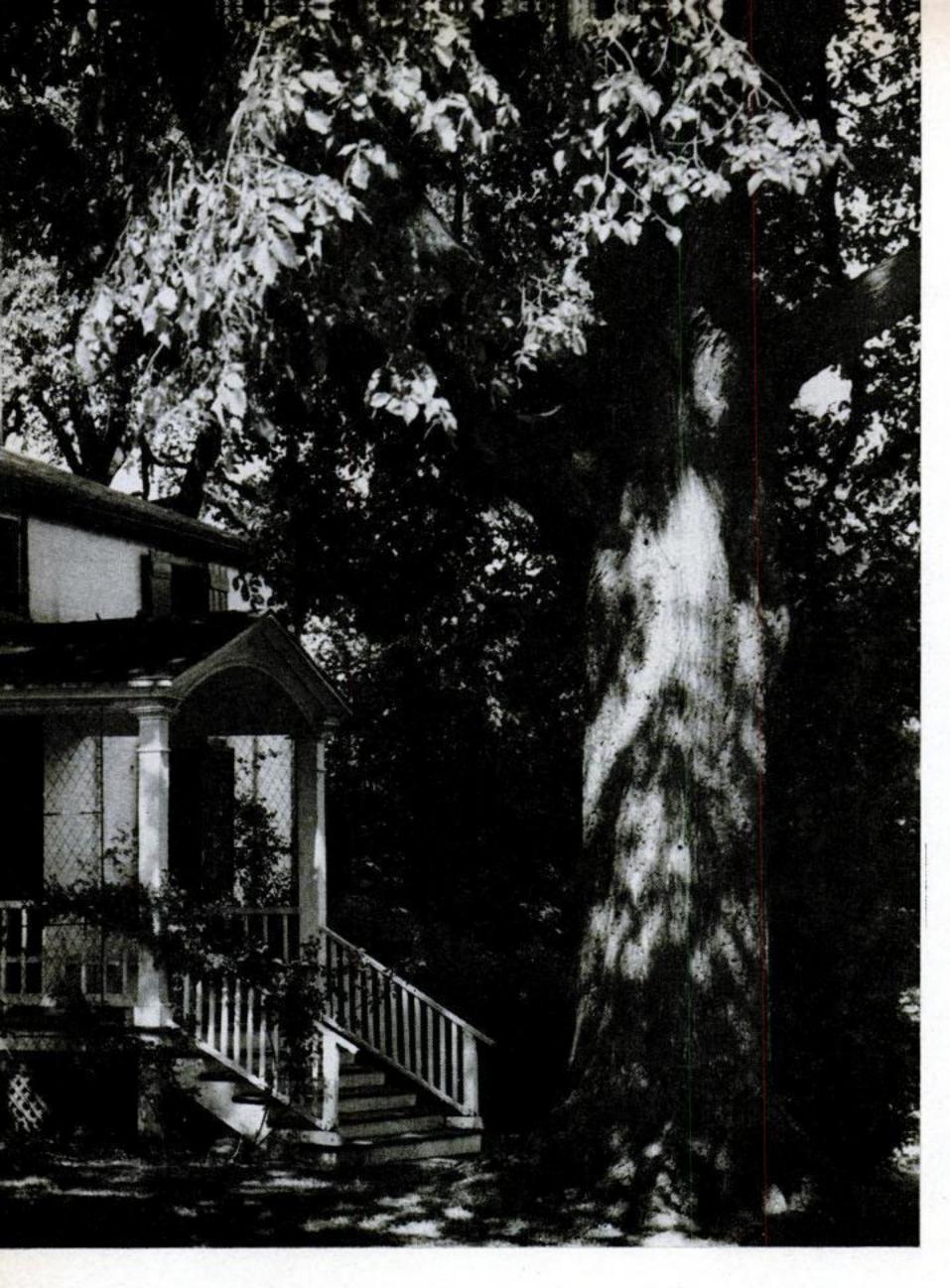


AGED PONY, Princie, last of a strain imported by Jay's grandson John Jay II from Shetland Islands in 1865, gets a visit from 9-year-old Virginia Iselin.



FADED MARKER under a trellis in the garden memorializes horse ridden by Colonel William Jay in Civil War. Horse is buried elsewhere on estate.



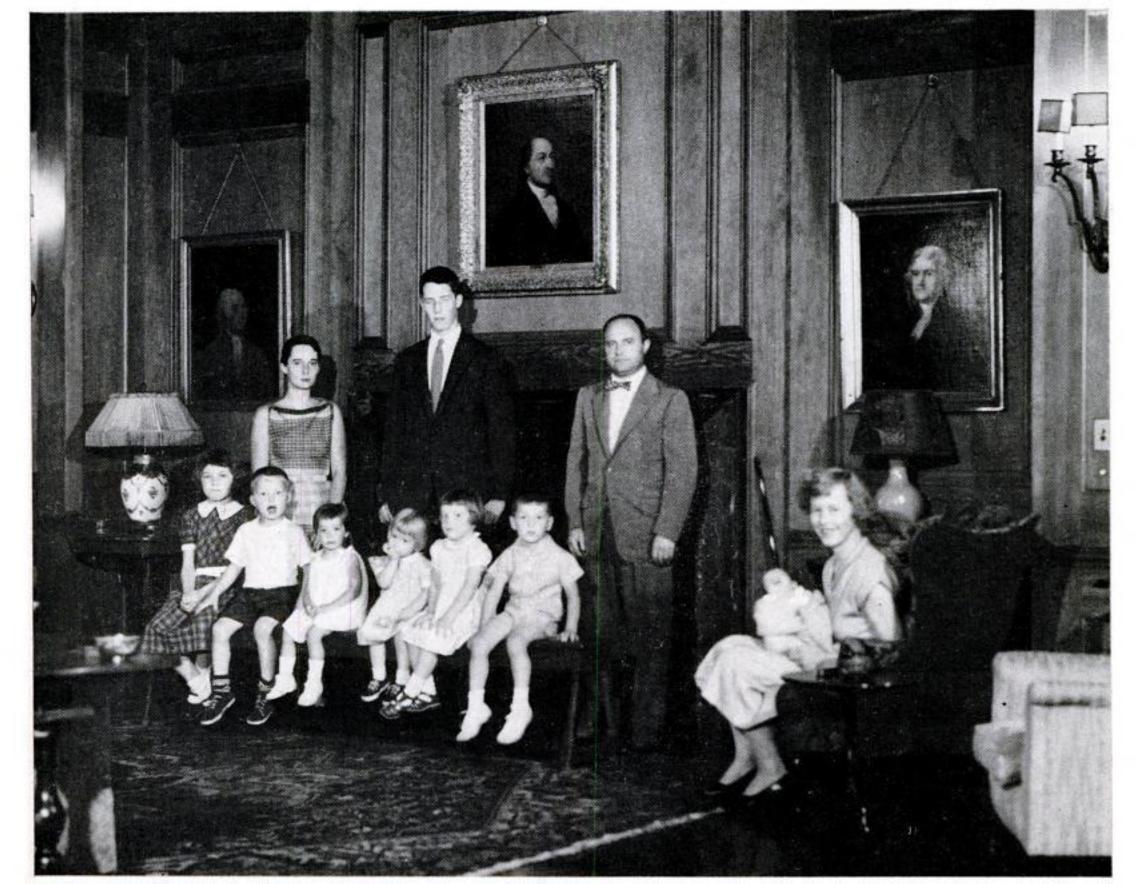


Taking old treasures for granted

The land of Jay's estate was purchased in 1703 by Jay's grandfather, Jacobus Van Cortlandt, who paid seven blankets, a few pieces of eight and several barrels of rum to a local sachem, Chief Catona, for the 1,000 acres. Jay built the first house in 1785 (left), then personally supervised the building of the main house (below) in 1801—complaining continually at the cost of labor (plastering one room came to \$3). Today the mansion is a historian's dream, containing more than 2,000 letters from Jay's contemporaries like Washington and Adams as well as valuable paintings and furniture. The present inhabitants take these treasures for granted, saying, "We grew up with them." A favorite family anecdote concerns Mrs. John Jay II, who once discovered that a guest who had suffered a heart attack on the tennis court had been taken to the library, deathplace both of Jay and his son William. "Get him out of this room," she cried. "Only Jays die here."







OLDEST BUILDING on estate, dating from 1785, was first occupied by tenant farmers, then by Jay himself while the main house was being built.

PRESENT OCCUPANTS sit before portraits of Adams, Jay and Jefferson by Trumbull. In back row are Barbara Dominick, Guy Paschal, Arthur Iselin and (seated) Mrs. Arthur Iselin (with son Peter). Children are Virginia and George Iselin, Julia Dominick, Niña and Dorothy Iselin, Oliver Dominick.

MAIN HOUSE was designed for unpretentious country living. Here Jay raised sheep and sent tree shoots to friends like Edmund Burke of England.



BY JAY'S DESK four of his greatgreat-great-grandchildren try out new toys on the floor. Portrait above desk is of William Jay, John's son.

Laughter in an Old Mansion

JAY HOUSE IS UP FOR SALE BUT IT IS KEPT BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL

Photographed for LIFE by ELIOT ELISOFON

Serene among rolling fields near Katonah, N.Y., 40 miles from New York City, is one of America's most eminent historic homes. It is Bedford House, built in 1801 by John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, and it is up for sale.

Jay, a modest man, has been overshadowed in history books by more colorful figures like Hamilton and Jefferson. But as president of the Continental Congress and a negotiator of the 1783 peace treaty with Britain, Jay helped guide the U.S. in its first days. Later he became minister to Spain, then author of the 1794 Jay Treaty with England which settled shipping disputes but came under violent criticism as being pro-British. From 1795 to 1801 he was governor of New York. Retiring in 1801, he lived for 28 years at Bedford House, receiving important callers and

giving political advice. He died of palsy in 1829 in the library. Since his death the house has been occupied continuously by his descendants. Not needing it now for a home but prevented legally from giving it away, the present generation, aided by an antiquarian from Mahopac, N.Y. named M. Campbell Lorini, is

Less strait-laced than their illustrious ancestor, Jay's easygoing descendants, mainly the Arthur Iselin family, preserve a
cheery atmosphere in the graceful house. Older residents like to
tell anecdotes about Mrs. John Jay II, who would cover her head
with a napkin when her husband's breakfast conversation bored
her. In the same irreverent mood one tiny Jay descendant likes
to pat an otherwise austere marble statue, saying, "Nice baby."



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NEW Mobiloil Special

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TODAY, there is documented proof that New Mobiloil Special actually boosts engine power—equivalent to raising gasoline performance up to 5 octane numbers.

By raising efficiency and cutting waste, New Mobiloil Special also increases gas mileage up to 23% and adds years to the life of any engine!

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- New Mobiloil Special cleaned up engines of all ages and kept them clean as no other oil ever has before.
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ignition "ping" and spark plug misfiring.

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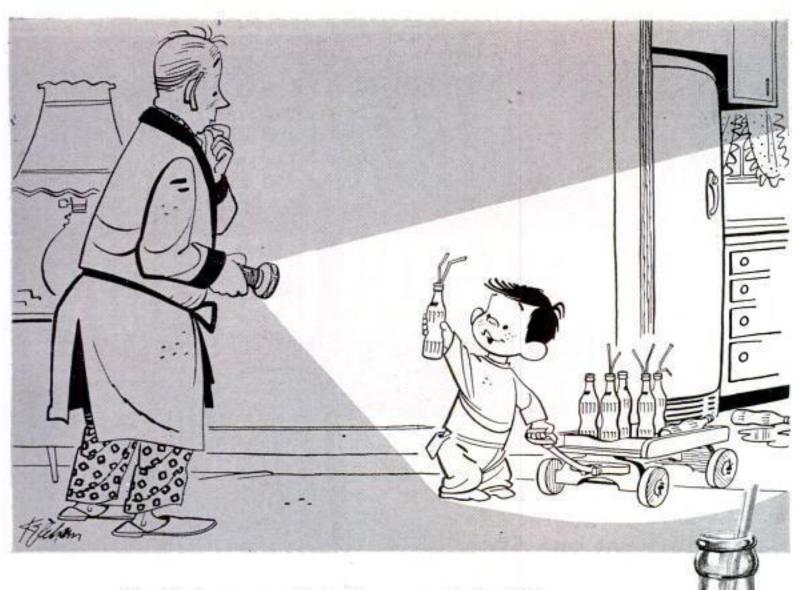
This single oil is recommended for use in any climate, any season, in place of SAE 5W—10W—20W-20 or 30 motor oil. Change to New Mobiloil Special . . . it's like adding octanes to your gasoline!

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"...don't worry, Dad. You can drink all the Bireley's you want—it's non-carbonated."

The young man knows his soft drinks. Because Bireley's is non-carbonated, you and the children can drink all you want yet never suffer that uncomfortable full feeling.

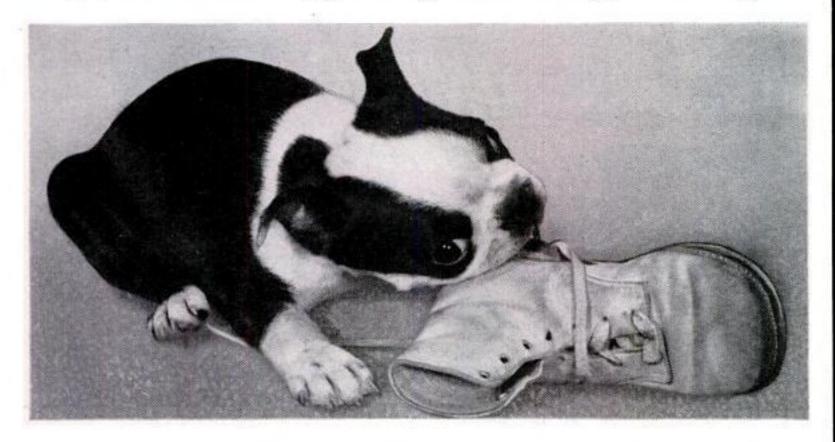
Non-carbonated Bireley's tastes better, too. The clean, bright fruit flavor is unspoiled by gas or artificial preservatives. Pure, pasteurized Bireley's in orange and assorted fruit flavors. Pure fun... Have some!

BIRELEY'S ORANGE DRINK

IT'S NON-CARBONATED: PURE FUN FOR EVERYONEI

@ Bireley's Division, General Foods Corp.

"If I'm scratching, boss, something's wrong!"



Stop scratching problems with Sergeant's

Fleas, lice, fungus—stop all these causes of scratching quickly and easily with this remarkable new powder—Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA SCRATCH Powder. This one amazing new powder now ends all these scratching problems and deodorizes your dog, as well.

Fleas, lice and fungus drain your dog's vitality, carry disease and cause harmful skin irritation. Kill these dangerous pests the Sergeant's way. Simply give your dog a good bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap or new SKIP-FLEA Shampoo, dust him regularly with Skip-Flea <u>Scratch</u> Powder and end his itching torment.

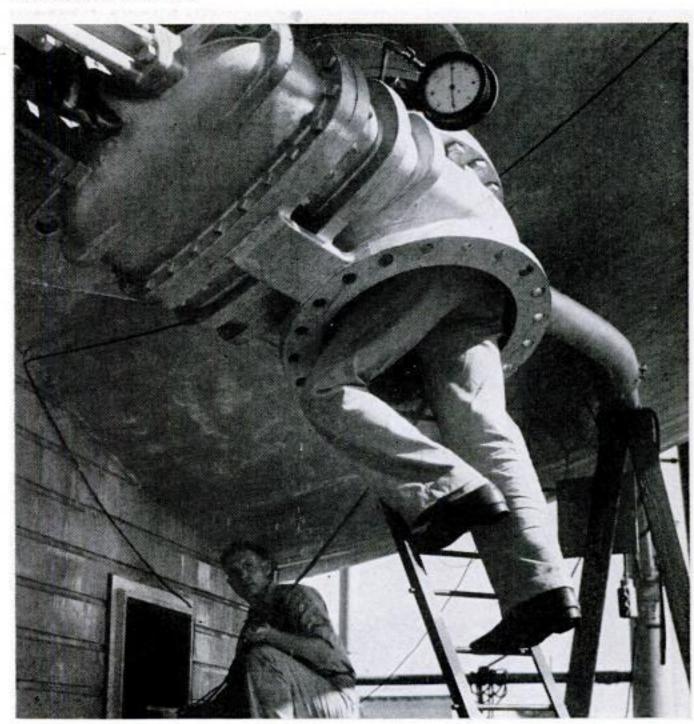
Buy these and other safe, economical Sergeant's products at your nearby drug or pet counter today. Sergeant's offers a full line of dog-care products to keep your dog wormfree and in the best of condition. Veterinarian tested, Sergeant's has been trusted for 77 years by millions of dog-owners.

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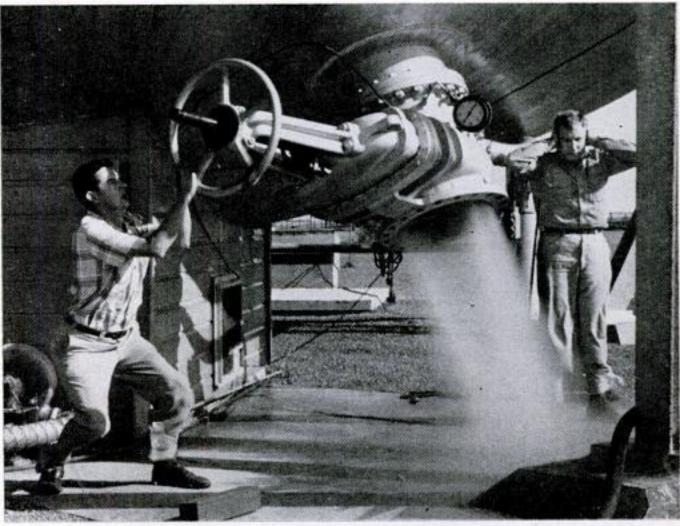
Clouds CONTINUED



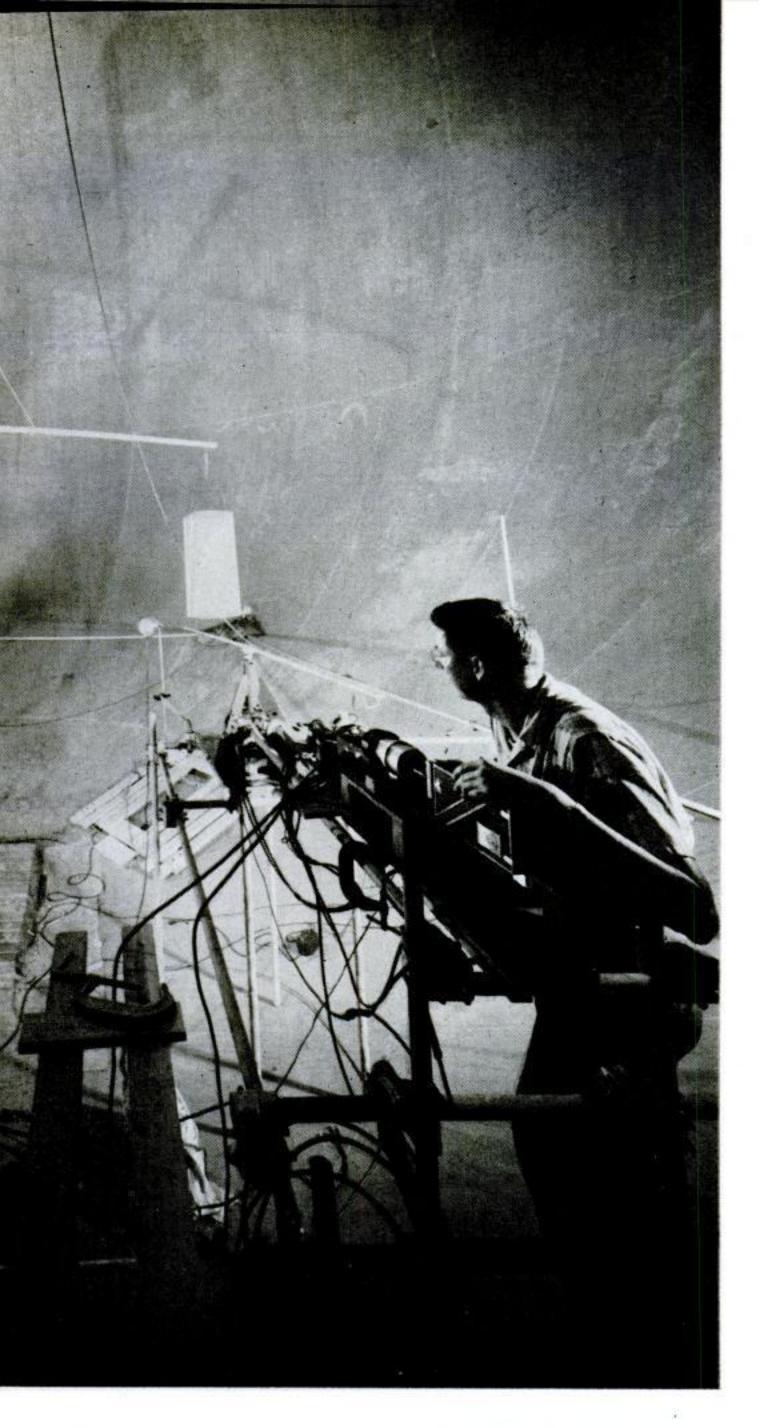
GOING TO WORK, scientist crawls up through large valve in bottom of steel shell while another man holds wires leading to instruments in control hut (left), which sits directly under sphere and is known as "the snake pit."

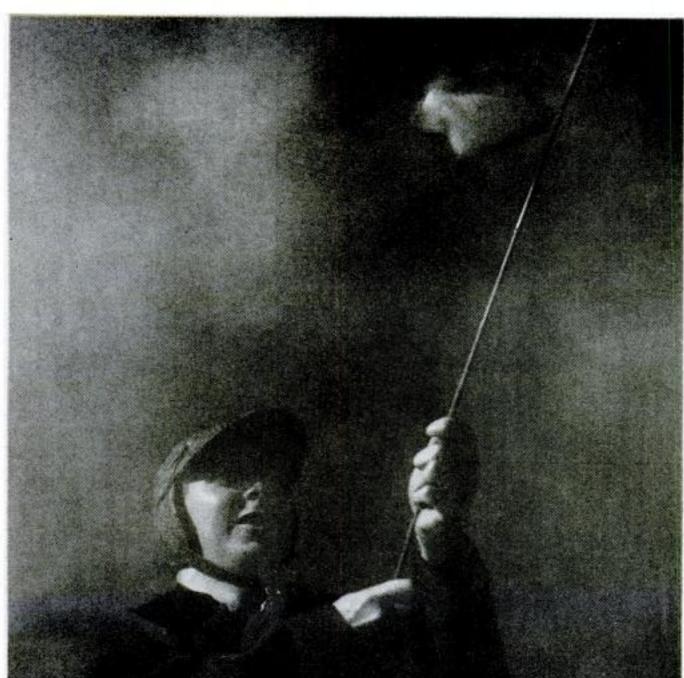


EMERGING INTO CLOUD, researcher rises from opening. Once in chamber, workers speak softly, since echoes added to haze, oppressive humidity, pressure changes and curved floor create strange and unpleasant sensations.



BIRTH OF CLOUD, produced by releasing pressure, makes an earsplitting roar as part of cloud rushes out. Some doctors warned scientists not to stay in sphere during pressure changes, but they have done so with no ill effects.





CLOUD SEEDING is done by waving bamboo wand carrying packet of dry ice through cloud to determine exactly what happens during "rainmaking."

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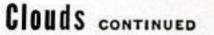
You get one 59¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at half price, when you buy one 'at the regular price! PRO PRO PRO PRO ACCUMANTAL SIZE MULTIPLE BAISTLE B





Either PRO Tufted, or the famous PRO "59"; two brushes now only 89¢. You save 29¢!

STOCK UP THE FAMILY — NOW! FOR THE BEST — GO PRO.

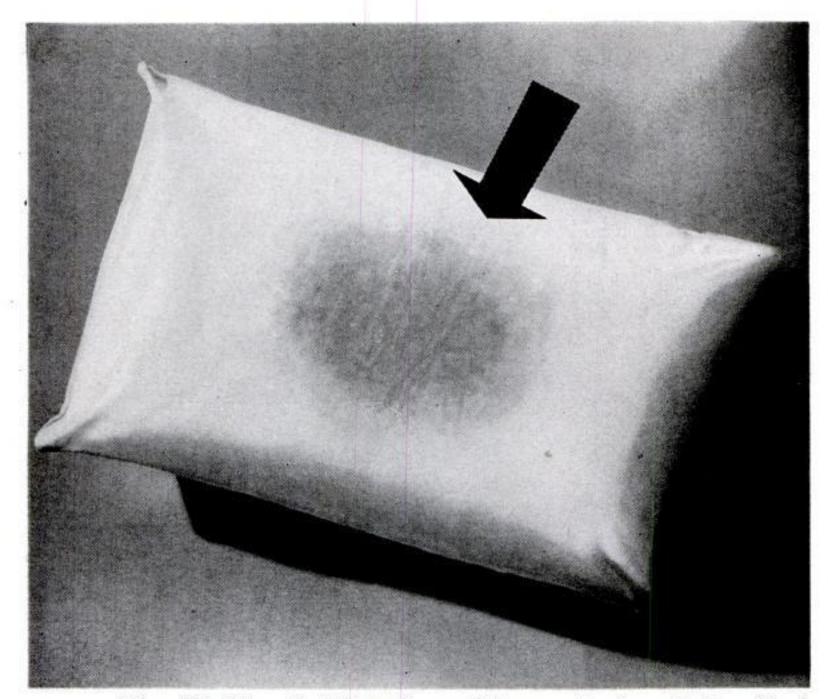


HIGH AND WET, man

in bosun's chair holds a black tube through which

part of cloud is sucked for examination. The wire cages hanging under him measure static electricity

in the air. At right is camera which records speed of the droplet formation.



Wives: Make him a gift of this amazing new hair preparation that ends this problem!

Revolutionary new hair dressing

won't grease-stain your pillow cases!

Keeps hair naturally neat all day—no "slicked-down" look—and leaves no oily stain!

• Hair experts said it couldn't be done! But now, 30 years of laboratory experience have done it!

Thanks to a new formula, this revolutionary new hair dressing, Beau Kreml, does NOT leave harmful, hard-to-get-out oil stains on upholstery, pillow slips, hats—and it keeps hair natural-looking and in place from morning till night.

Two special ingredients!

New Beau Kreml contains an ingredient similar to the natural protective agents in your own hair. Called KR-9, this first special ingredient never lets your hair look greasy, sticky, or shiny!

The second special ingredient has a remarkable "spreading action."

New Beau Kreml goes on in a second and works evenly through your hair —even when wet—with no need for

IF YOU HAVE DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP-

Use regular Kreml Hair Tonic. This famous product contains new antiseptic ingredients that kill on contact the scalp parasites commonly believed to be a cause of excessive dandruff. Regular Kreml Hair Tonic in the familiar yellow carton is not subject to the Federal cosmetic tax.

time-taking massage to get it thoroughly distributed. It makes hair instantly manageable . . . keeps all but the most wiry hair in place! New Beau Kreml also relieves dryness in hair and scalp.

Extra easy to wash out, too!

No special lathering is needed. Because new Beau Kreml is water-soluble, it also rinses off your hands and off your comb under plain tap water.

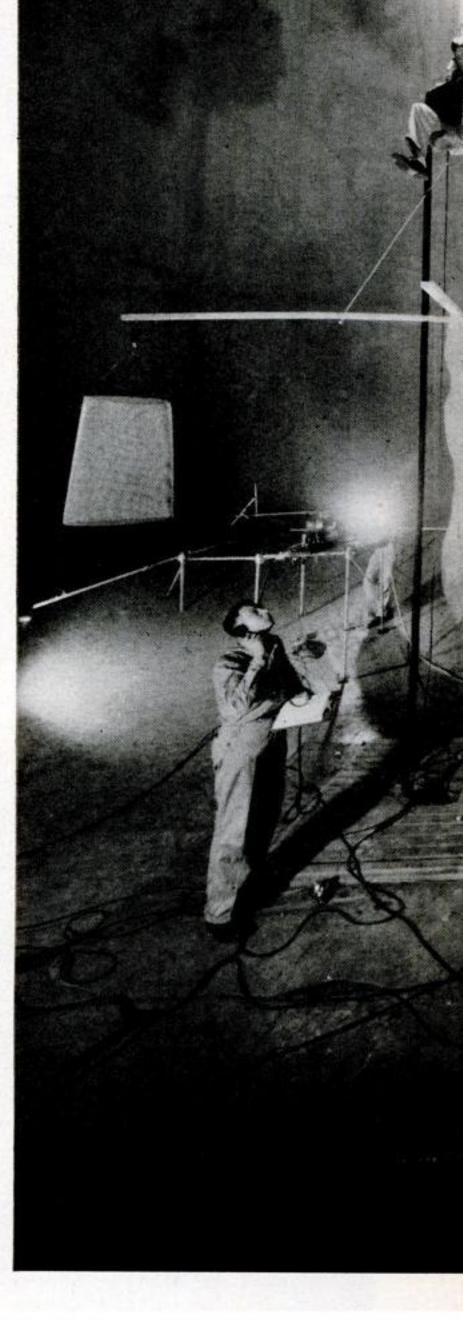
Enjoy new Beau Kreml's wonderful hair control and freedom from those everlasting oily stains. Longlasting bottle—only 69¢.

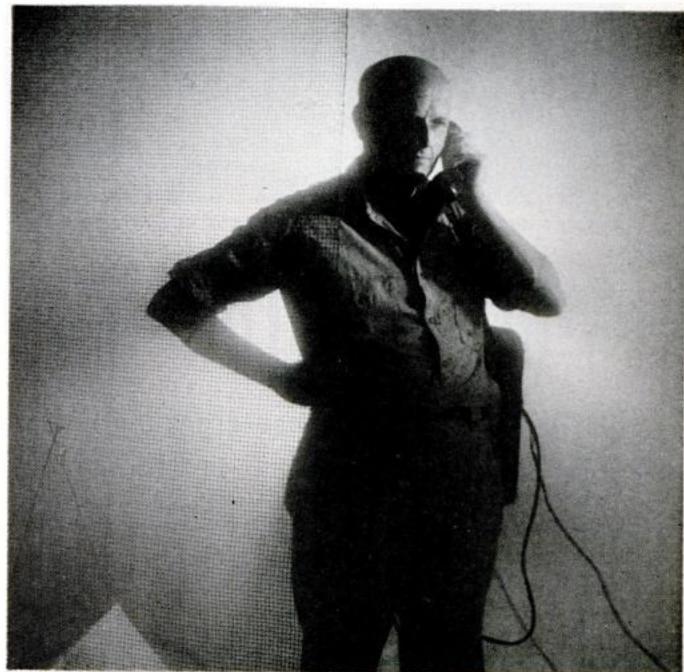
Stains on your hat?

If the hair dressing
you have been
using leaves unns on your hat, now's

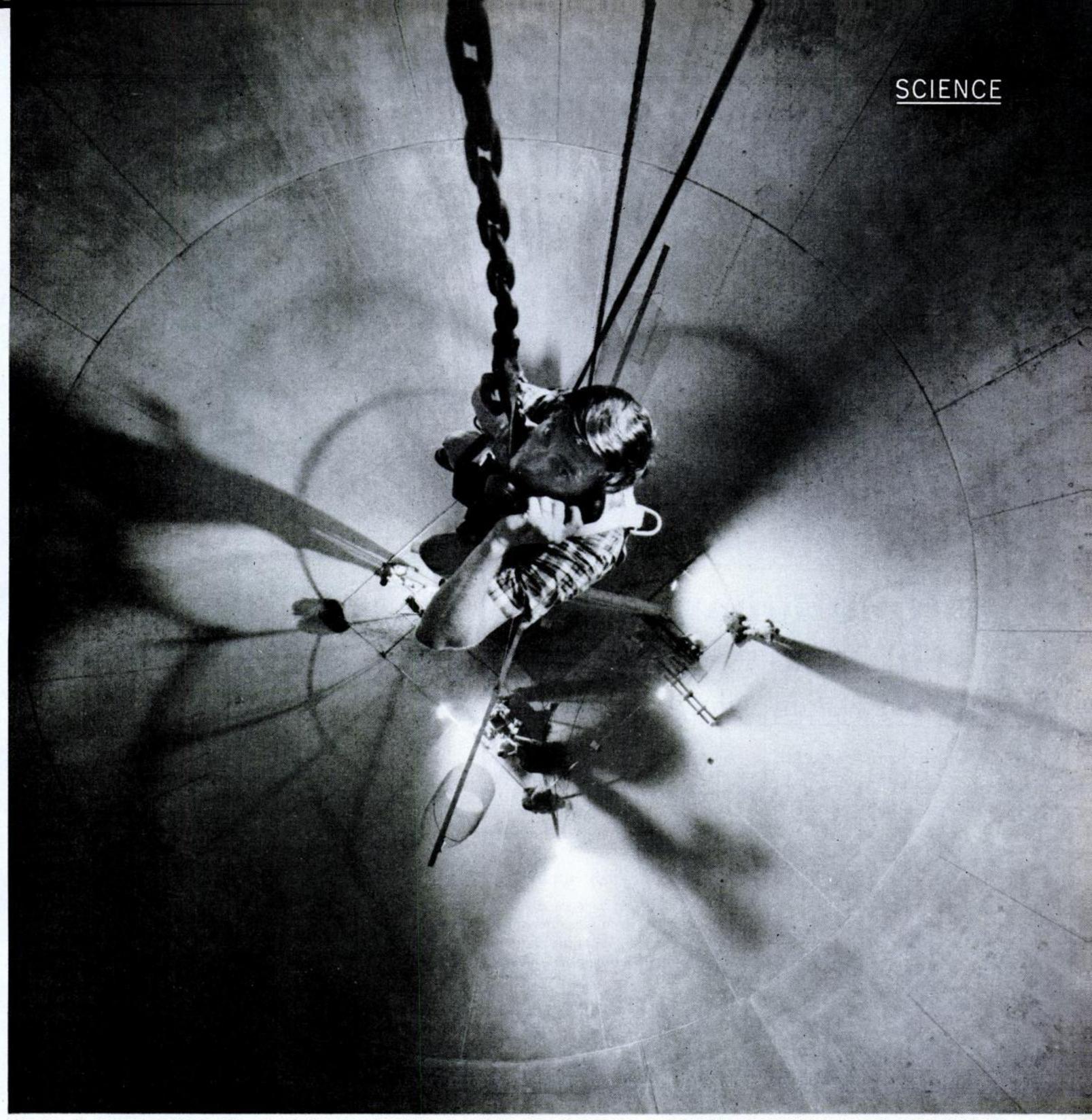
sightly grease stains on your hat, now's the time to change to new Beau Kreml!







CLOUD BOSS, Weather Bureau's top physicist Dr. Ross Gunn, phones report to other scientists outside sphere who are watching instruments there.

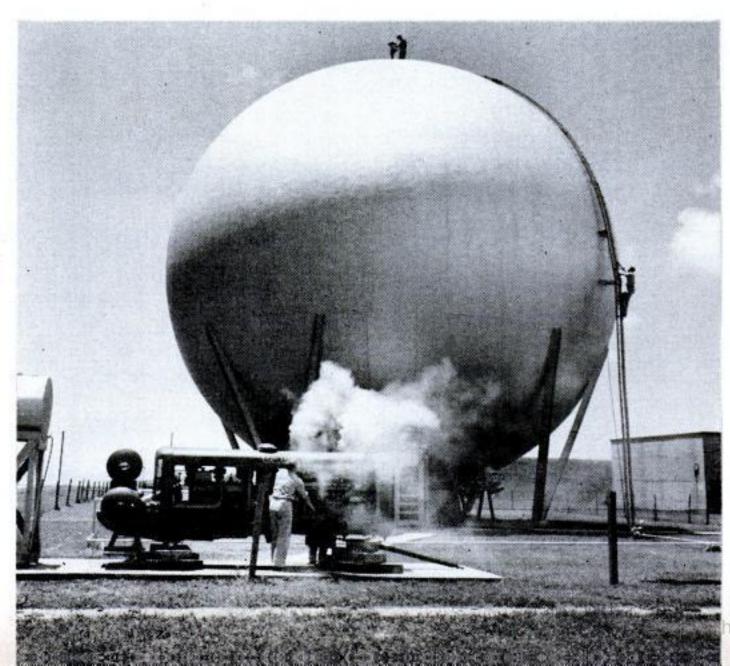


HANGING IN BOSUN'S CHAIR 40 FEET ABOVE HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS ON THE FLOOR OF SPHERE, A PHYSICIST USES TELEPHONE TO REPORT CONDITIONS

CLOUDS TO ORDER

Wet work in odd lab may crack nature's secret

Still skeptical of commercial rainmakers' claims, U.S. Weather Bureau scientists have turned an old 60-foot helium tank near Galveston, Texas into a strange spherical laboratory in which they can make weather at will. First they pump the sphere full of water-saturated air (right) until the air in it is almost dripping wet. Next they lower the pressure suddenly, making the type of cloud they want to study. Then, while their voices echo eerily back from the now invisible curved walls, they grope with instruments through the clammy cloud, sometimes swinging up into it. It is wet work, but they hope to discover precisely how nature makes rain and whether or not man can really improve on nature's way.







The busiest drawing board in the U.S. fashion industry belongs to Claire McCardell, the smiling blonde in the center above who is responsible for everything wearable in the group around her. In addition to dresses, coats, suits and playclothes for which she has long been famous, Miss McCardell now does shoes, hats, raincoats, gloves, jewelry, sweaters and even eyeglasses. Until recently only the prosperous customers of Paris

couturiers could achieve a designer's whole effect by also buying his accompanying trimmings. Now designers of popular-priced U.S. fashions are branching out to make their top-to-toe ideas available to buyers of their clothes. Designer McCardell leads them all in diversification. Her new collection shows that her distinctive touch is undiluted—unusual mixtures of colors and clothes that are intricately cut but still look casual.

FALL LINEUP of Mc-Cardell designs includes, from left, jersey dinner dress (\$48); cotton raincoat (\$45) worn with brief kid gloves; fleece suit and jersey blouse (\$110); silk shirt (\$30) and wide velveteen skirt (\$35); pink faille raincoat (\$45) worn with cinnamon gloves and hood; heavy sweater with turtleneck which is also a hood (\$20) and short leather skirt (\$40); jersey cocktail dress (\$45); slim red wool dress (\$90) worn with hat which ties under chin; sleeveless jersey top and printed pants (\$43).

On the designer is her current "Pop-Over" dress. Her shoes have low heels, her jewelry is bulky and multicolored, her glasses are conspicuously small.



HE MULTIPLE McCARDELL

Long famous for her clothes, the designer now applies her talents to the trimmings

Have a piece! Taste why new Swans Down Mix wins over all other leading cake mixes!



WHITE ~

YELLOW ~

DEVIL'S FOOD

ANGEL FOOD

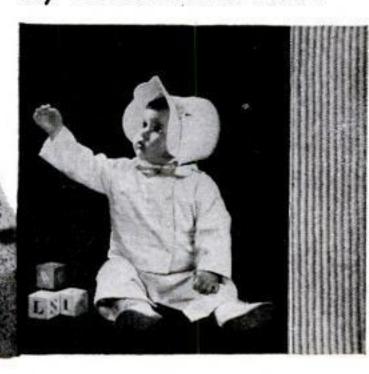
SWANS

DOWN

MIXES



in togs of corduroy by JACK and JILL



Bravo! Jack & Jill features wonder-wearing, wonder-washing corduray for Fall and hits a new high-note of fashion in brother & sister sets, jackets, etons, sport ensembles and novelties in sizes 1 to 7.

We cater to wee warblers too with Jack & Jill's exclusive TUCKEROY . . . buttersoft, ultra-combed corduray in many infants' styles.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

At your favorite store or write to:

JACK & JILL TOGS, INC.

1350 BROADWAY, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

Corduroy Outfits . Brother & Sister Sets . Sport Ensembles . Jackets . Etons . Novelties . Sizes 1-7

Enjoy todays modern ... todays new

ROYAL CROWN COLA

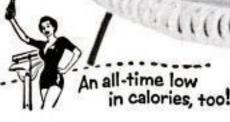
RC now at an all-time

an all-time

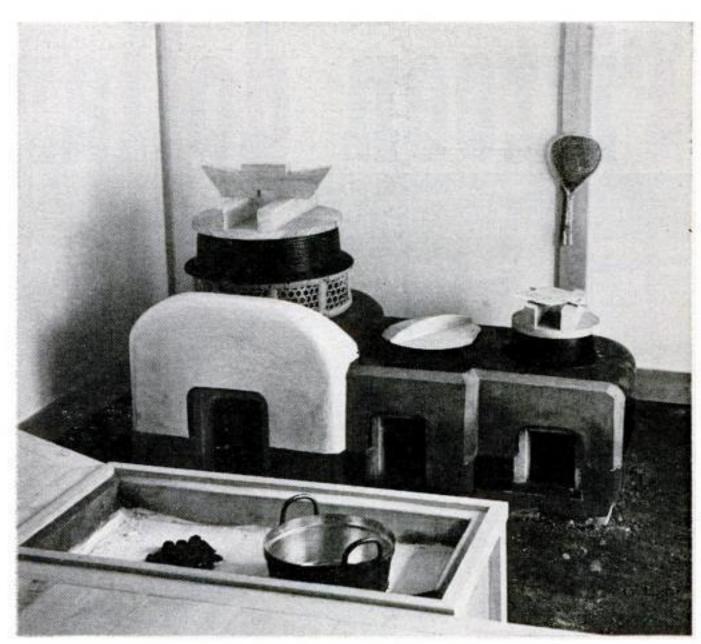
HIGH



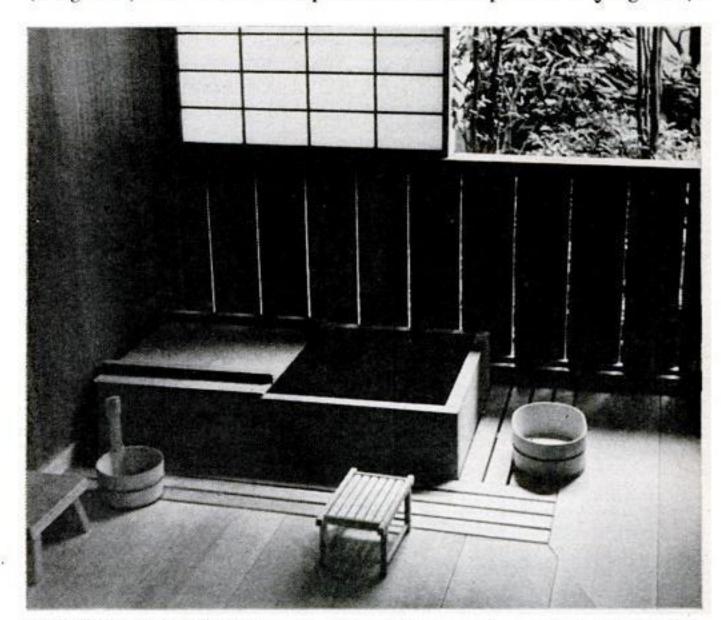




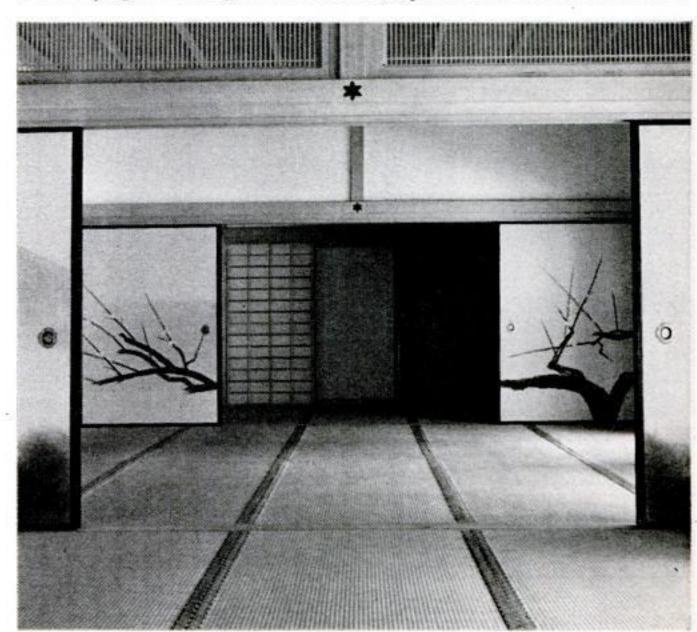
JAPANESE HOUSE CONTINUED



SUNKEN KITCHEN, common in 16th Century Japan, has three-oven stove (background) made of earth and plaster. Coals are kept on sand (foreground).



BREEZY BATHROOM has movable shutters opening out on rear garden. After soaping and rinsing himself on stool, Japanese soaks himself in hot tub.



SPACIOUS LIVING AREA has sliding wall screens and cabinets where the scant furniture is stored. The floors are covered with soft rice-straw mats.

Fifteen dollars down the drain!



DID YOU KNOW that a size 16 cotton dress can shrink to a size 12 with just a few washings? Why take chances? Be a smart shopper. Check

to see if your cotton is marked "Sanforized" before you buy. A "Sanforized" cotton can never shrink out of fit . . . out of style.

SANFORIZED

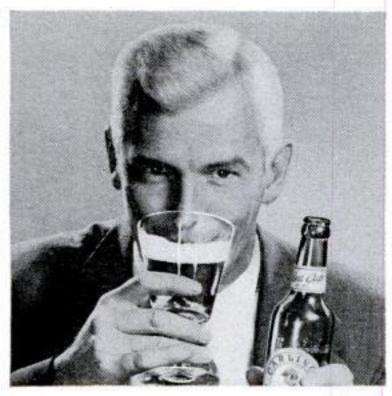
SAVES THE STYLE . . . PROTECTS YOU AGAINST SHRINKAGE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

BETTER THAN BEER?



can it be?



Try Carling's Red Cap Ale



... and see!

With an open bottle and open mind—judge this different "light-hearted" ale for yourself. Like the many who have turned to Carling's Red Cap—you'll find it "light" as the smoothest beer, yet "hearty" as only true ale can be. Is it better than beer? Only your own taste can decide. Tonight, open a bottle of Carling's and see!



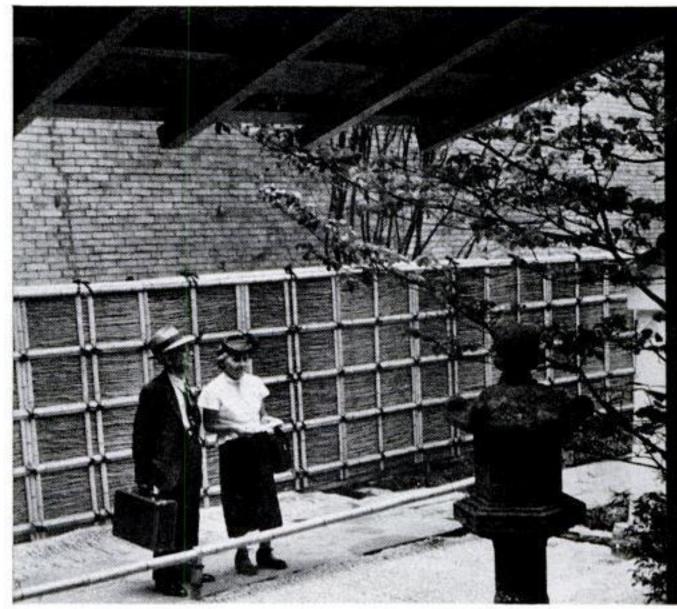
CARLING'S
Red ALE

CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

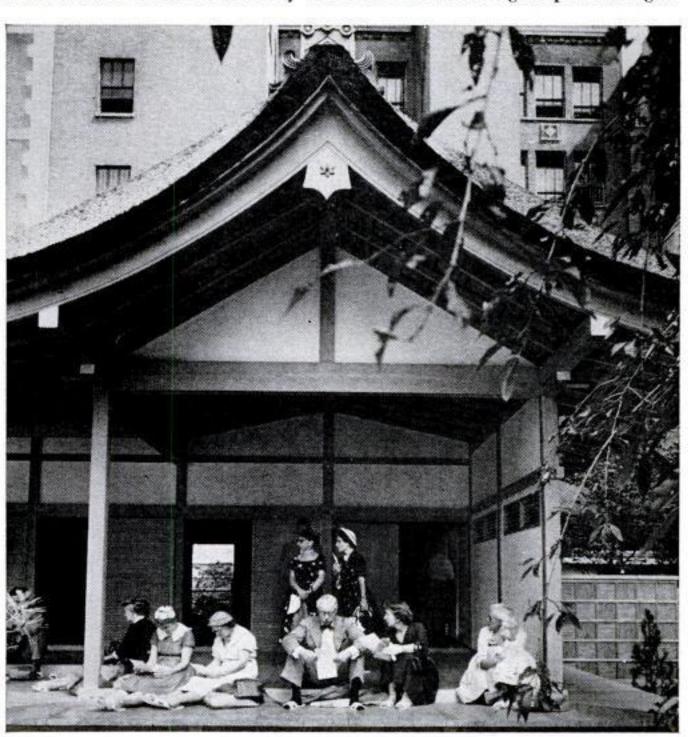
JAPANESE HOUSE CONTINUED



BOXED IN, Architect J. Yoshimura on arrival in U.S. stands surrounded by 736 crates holding wood for house, tiles for wall, stones for garden.

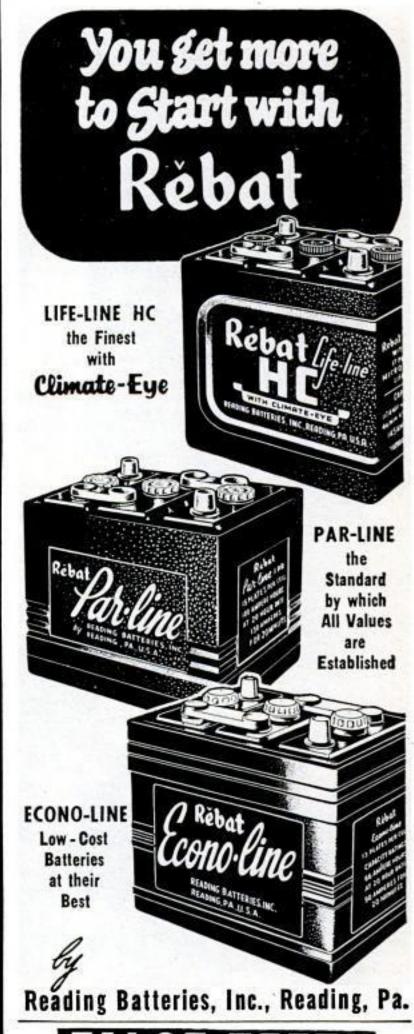


FENCED IN by wall of bamboo and twigs, an out-of-town couple pauses near entrance of house to study stone lantern which lights path at night.



SITTING OUT a lunch hour, visitors bask on veranda above the pond. All are given paper versions of Japanese sandals to safeguard fragile floor mats.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74







- Helps Keep Seeds Out
 Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
- Helps Plate Fit Snug
 Helps Prevent Clicking

MONTH'S SUPPLY ONLY 60¢

At All Drug Stores

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.



To keep sinks white
Without a bleach . . .
Keep New Old Dutch
In easy reach!

When New Old Dutch Cleanser turns gold . . . it disinfects and deodorizes, too!



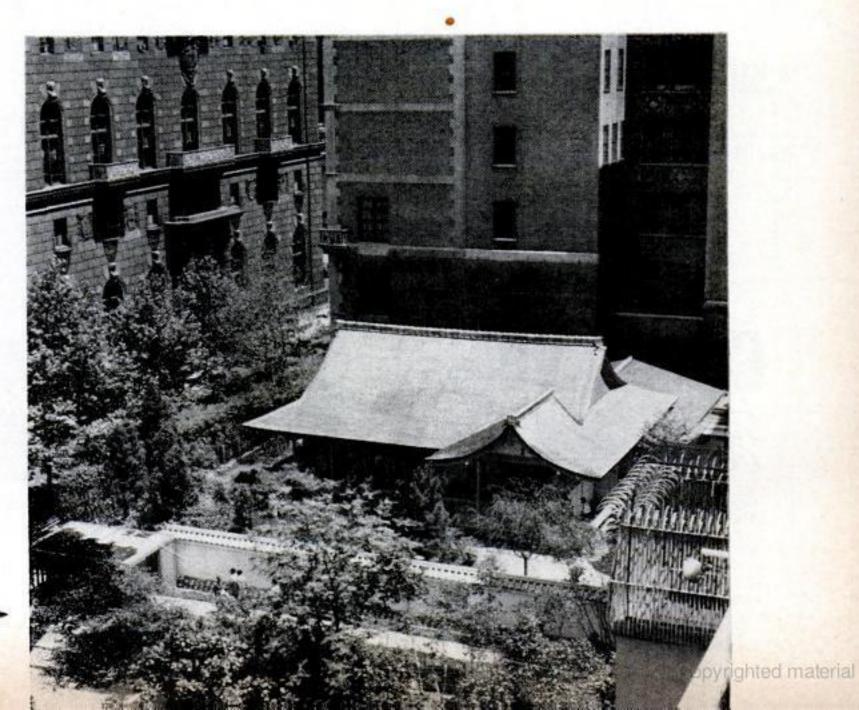


WORKMEN IN JAPANESE JACKETS INSTALL RIDGEPOLE ATOP HALF-FINISHED HOUSE WHICH HAS BEEN DECORATED WITH RIBBONS IN HONOR OF OCCASION

JAPANESE HIT

New Yorkers flock to an Oriental house

Incongruous among Manhattan's giant buildings, a little Japanese house of wood and paper has become the city's most popular summer rendezvous. In the back yard of the Museum of Modern Art it has attracted 50,000 slipper-shod visitors, who have padded through its uncluttered rooms and lounged on its airy verandas. Built last year in Japan after a 16th Century design, the house was disassembled and shipped to New York in crates, accompanied by the architect, two carpenters, a plasterer and a gardener. For three months the crew worked busily, digging a pond, planting a garden, fitting the house together like an Oriental puzzle. The finished product had such traditional features as a sunken wooden bathtub and a tiny teahouse but lacked one important authentic note—fish in the pond. This week six carp, Japanese symbols of courage, were installed in the pond, the gift of an appreciative Wall Street broker.



Wrist Watches
(Roy Rogers & Dale Evans)
by Bradley Time Corp.
\$4.95 plus F.T.

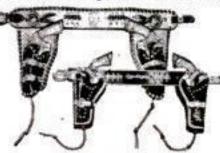
Alarm Clock (not illustrated)
\$3.95 plus F.T.



Sweat Shirts & Cowboy Shirts by Norwich Mills Inc. Cowboy Shirts \$1.19 Sweat Shirts \$1.00



Boots & Tex-Tans by Tex Tan of Yoakum Boots \$7.95 up, Tex-Tans \$3.79



Gun & Holster Sets by Classy Products Deluxe \$10.95, Double set \$4.95

ROY ROGERS DENIM JEANS AND JACKETS

by Blue Ridge Mfrs. Inc.

Heavy duty 11-ounce sanforized Jeans and Jackets (left) with Frontier "45" snap fasteners, \$2.79 each.

Plaid lined 8-ounce sanforized Jeans match shirt below, \$2.98.

All Jeans with zipper fly and rivets.



ROY ROGERS

Guaranteed Products

Dress your youngster in the Western action clothes all children love to wear. Choose from any of these dependable Roy Rogers items backed by Roy's "Pledge to Parents." You'll like their outstanding dollar values, months of rugged service.





Felt Slippers & Boots by S. Goldberg & Co., Inc. All styles \$1.99



Roy Rogers Lunch Kit by The American Thermos Bottle Co. Complete with ½ pint bottle \$2.89



Roy Rogers Hats by Sackman Bros. Asst'd colors \$1.98

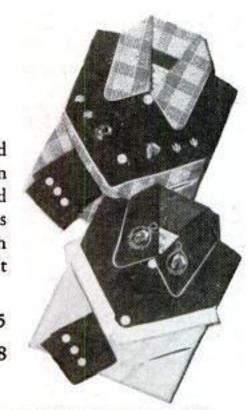


ROY ROGERS FRONTIER SHIRTS

by Rob Roy Company Inc.

Vat-dyed, fast-color sanforized fabrics, carefully tailored in authentic Western styles. Plaid and denim shirt matches Jeans above right. Fringed shirt with piping in two-tone effect at bottom.

Plaid and Denim Shirt...\$2.95 Two-tone Fringed Shirt... 2.98



ROY ROGERS PLEDGE TO PARENTS

This item of merchandise, bearing my name, has been tested in one of the nation's largest testing bureaus and, in our judgment, equals in quality any merchandise selling in the same price range. You pay no premium for my name. Rather, it is your assurance that this item is an authentic value.

Shop your local retailer. He has these items or can get them for you.

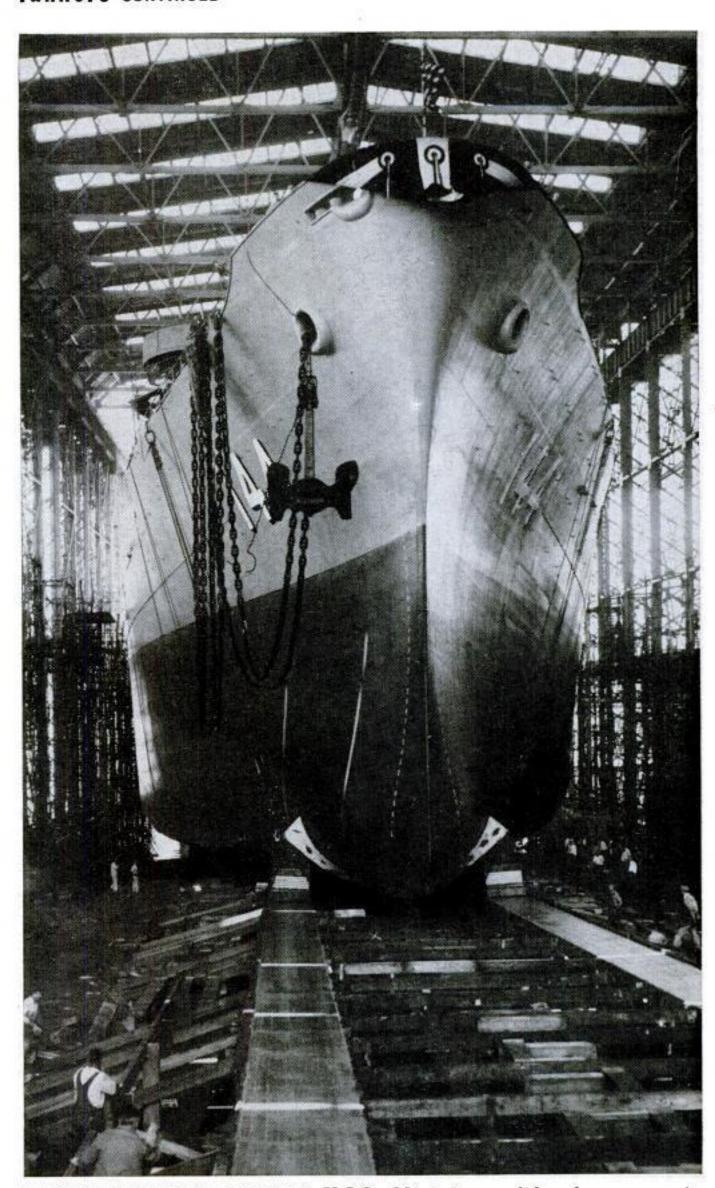




A Division of Frontiers, Inc., Roy Rogers, Pres.

RE 149

Tankers CONTINUED



LARGEST NAVY TANKER, U.S.S. Mississinewa slides down ways in Camden, N.J. The dead weight of the ship, first of five to be built, is secret.



MOST POWERFUL TANKER in the world, the 38,000-ton S.S. W. Alton Jones, enters New York harbor on maiden voyage. She can do 18.85 knots.



Lesson[#]1...Durene-labeled cotton knits for school!

There's a super-special yarn that makes all the difference in the world - in socks, polo shirts, underwear. This is combed, mercerized Durene cotton yarn...the best-wearing, bestlooking cotton that ever enwrapped . your child. The trim fit lasts the life of the garment...and the life of the garment is amazingly

long, thanks to wonderful wearing qualities! Anything made of Durene yarn absorbs and releases moisture faster, looks nicer, feels utterly smooth and delightful, too. For a lasting return on the money you spend to send them back to school,
always look for the word Durene!

It's written on labels like this



COMPARE IT FOR BEAUTY. Here's one of the most beautiful cars ever built, with styling that will stay beautiful, protect your investment.

Mercury asks you to measure it against the field



COMPARE IT FOR PERFORMANCE. Here's getaway, quick response, that makes Mercury one of the safest performers on the road today. Shown in the foreground is Mercury's transparent-top Sun Valley.

Compare it with <u>any</u> other car in or near its price class. Compare its performance, style, easy-driving features, true cost.

Here's what you'll discover.

No other car offers you so much performance for your money. For Mercury gives you far more than just high horse-power. You get an entirely new 161-horsepower V-8 engine—with more new features for quick response, efficiency, and smooth operation than any other car in its field.

No other car offers you so much beauty for your money. For where else can you get such clean, swift styling? No other car offers such fresh original ideas in colors, two-tone combinations, and harmonizing interiors. And no other car in its field offers you so many aids to easy driving. For only Mercury has ball-joint front-wheel suspension for steering ease and road stability. Only Mercury has smooth optional Merc-O-Matic Drive. And Mercury is one of the very few cars that offers you such a complete choice of optional power features.

Most important, you can have all this for much less than you think. Not only can you get an excellent deal on your present car when you buy a Mercury, but you can expect to save more in the future when you trade again. Mercury consistently leads its class for high resale value.

Your Mercury dealer invites you to start saving today—with a new Mercury. MERCURY DIVISION . FORD MOTOR COMPANY

It pays to own a

MERCURY

- you can't match it for the money



FESTIVE TOUCH ! GARNISH EACH GLASS OF LEMONADE WITH A "FRUIT KABOB"-A MARASCHINO CHERRY, PINEAPPLE CHUNK AND MINT LEAVES ON A TOOTHPICK.

Lemonade's so easy with FROZEN LEMONADE from Sunny California.

Just open a can...add water...serve! Rich in Vitamin C! No carbonation! No artificial flavor or color!

NOTHING quenches thirst like lemonade, and now even a small child can make a full quart in seconds with Frozen Concentrate for Lemonade from sunny California. It's the same pure-fruit beverage you'd get if you squeezed fresh-picked



California lemons yourself. It's so good ... so good for you...and so economical, too! Costs less than 4¢ per six-ounce glass. Buy a half-dozen cans at a time, and always keep a frosty pitcherful in your refrigerator to cool and refresh family and guests.

Pure California lemon juice already squeezed for you!



LEMON PRODUCTS ADVISORY BOARD, Los Angeles, California



VICTOR QUICKFREEZER with the New Pedal-Dor!

Convenient...

Opens with a touch of the toe.

The new Victor Pedal-Dor Upright
Quickfreezer stores up to 665 lbs.
of frozen food, all within easy
reach . . . yet needs less than one
square yard of floor space. You'll
really love the Victor Pedal-Dor
convenience . . . opens with a
touch of the toe . . . leaves both
hands free to store or remove food
from the Quickfreezer.

from the Quickfreezer.

COPYRIGHT 1954, VICTOR PRODUCTS CORPORATION

AT LAST! A "Custom Built" Air Conditioner for casement windows (3/4 hp). Fits any casement window without removing glass or frame. Remember No other Freezer has ALL these features:

1. Adjustable Shelf

FREE

- 2. Storage Door and Storage-Juice-Selector for added space
- 3. Big, Separate Quickfreezer Compartment
- 4. Visible Guard-a-Lite Signal
- 5. Toe Touch Pedal-Dor . . .
- Noiseless "Sonic-Blanket"
- Victor 5-Wall Cold Refrigeration
 Famous 5 Year Warranty \$200
 Food Spoilage Protection

WRITE US FOR FREE BETTY
BLAKE FOOD BUDGET
That Shows You How To
Save \$120 a Year

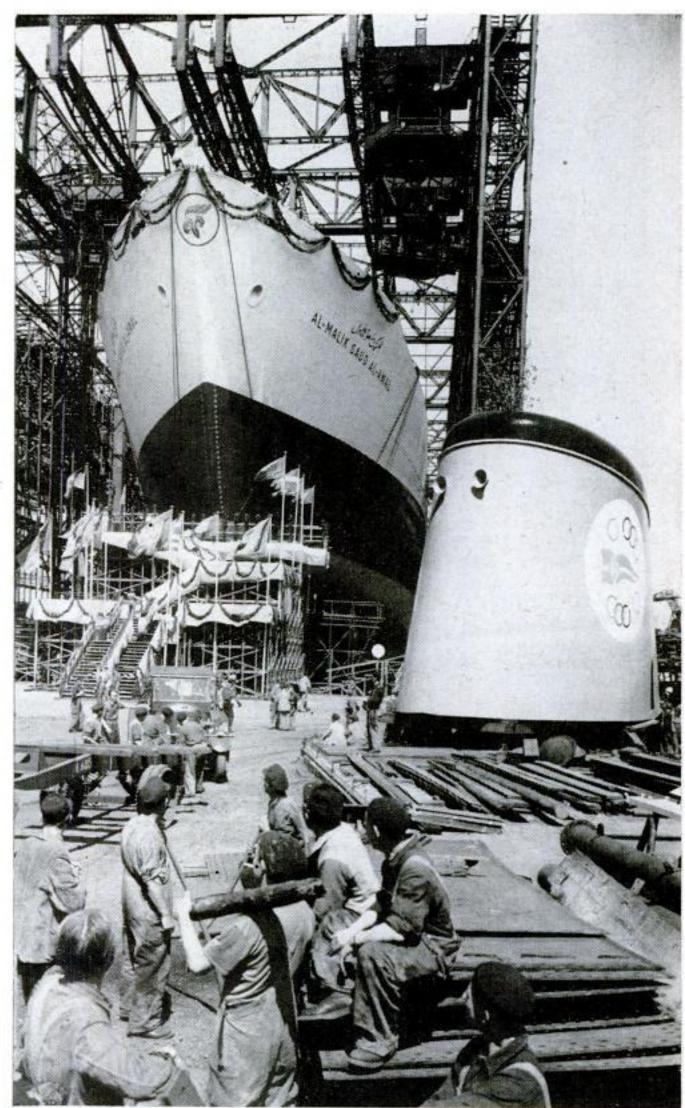
For name of your nearest
Victor Dealer, phone Western
Union Operator 25

Victor

Victor "Custom Built" Air Conditioners (½, ¾ and 1 hp). Cools, dehumidifies, filters. Push Button Control, exclusive No-Draft design.

Victor Products Corp., Hagerstown, Md.

Pioneers in Refrigeration
for Almost 35 Years



HER STACK READY TO BE FITTED ON, "AL-MALIK" AWAITS LAUNCHING

GERMANY BUILDS THE BIGGEST

Shortly after the World Glory underwent trial runs, a still bigger tanker—Al-Malik Saud Al-Awal or King Saud I—was launched in June in Hamburg, Germany. Al-Malik is now the world's largest. Built for Aristotle Onassis and due to be operated by him and the Saudi-Arabian government, Al-Malik is 775 feet long and is listed at 47,000 long tons. She will go 17 knots. Since the Koran forbids alcohol, Al-Malik was christened by a granddaughter-in-law of Bismarck with holy water flown from Zem Zem near Mecca by a special envoy from King Saud.



SLEEK WHITE BOW is displayed by *Al-Malik* in her launching platform in Hamburg. Her full name is painted in both English and Arabic characters.

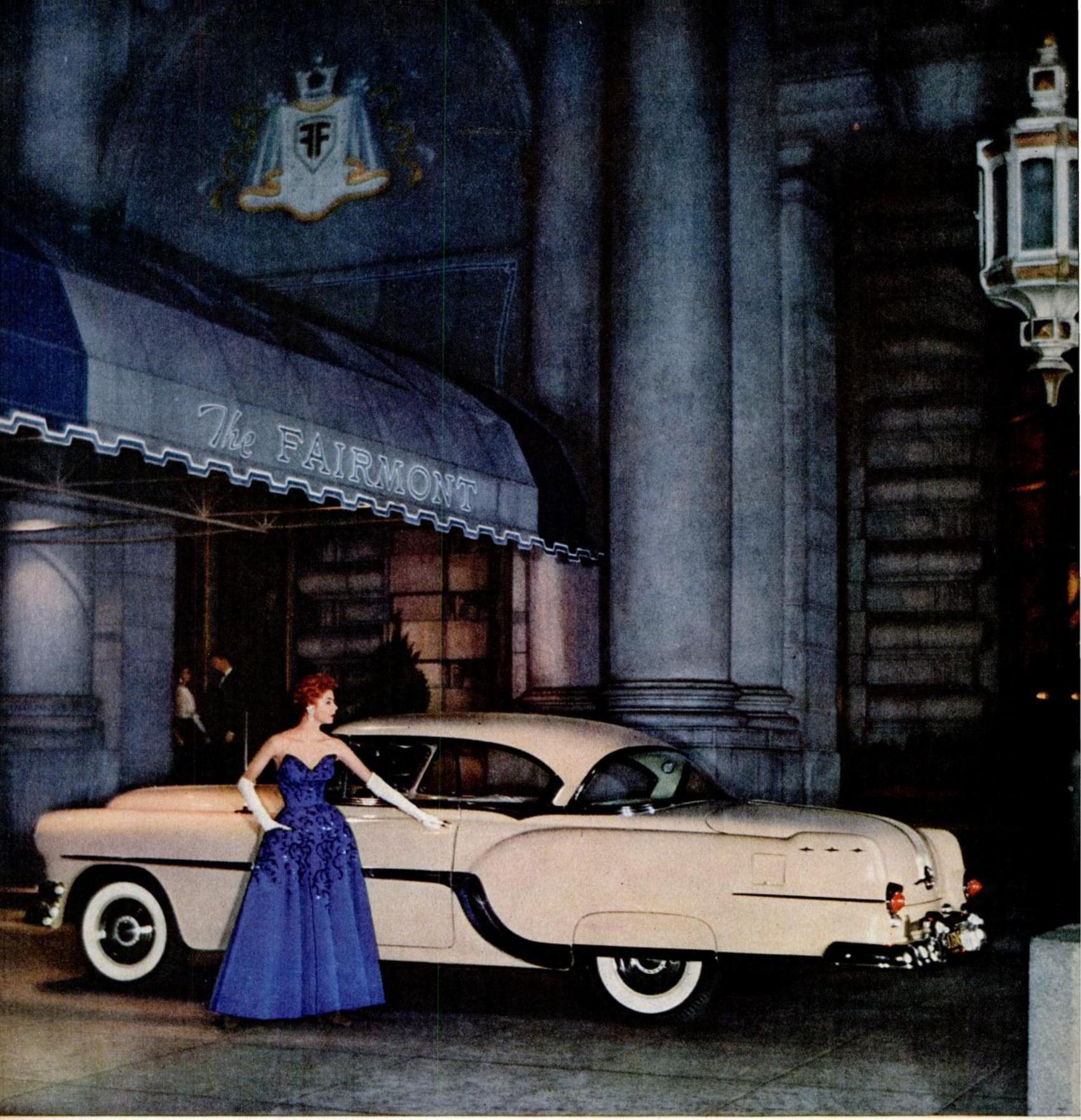
CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



NEW TANKERS: BIG AND FAST

With an eye to reducing their transportation costs, oil companies and shipping concerns have been building bigger and bigger tankers which can carry fuel more economically. The largest ever built in the U.S. is the World Glory, shown above on a trial run off the Maine coast. Built in Quincy, Mass. for Greek Shipowner Stavros Niarchos, the Glory is a paragon of

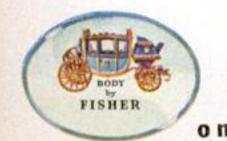
bigness and speed. She is 736 feet long and 102 feet wide (13 feet longer than the S.S. America) and her dead weight is 45,509 long tons. Most old tankers have a top speed of 12 to 14 knots; the Glory will make 17.45. Her 33 tanks can hold a total of 16,500,000 gallons of oil or gasoline, enough to heat 10,000 U.S. homes all winter or fill a million Cadillacs.



"Be careful—drive safely"

Evening by Nob Hill · Gown by Pierre Balmain · Star Chief by Pontiac · Body by Fisher

Height of fashion! Yours exclusively in Bodies by Fisher—whose precise perfection of fit and strength of structure testify to the expenditure of many millions in improved methods of scientific construction. So for transcending beauty, safety and long lasting value you are more than sensible when you select a car — with Body by Fisher.

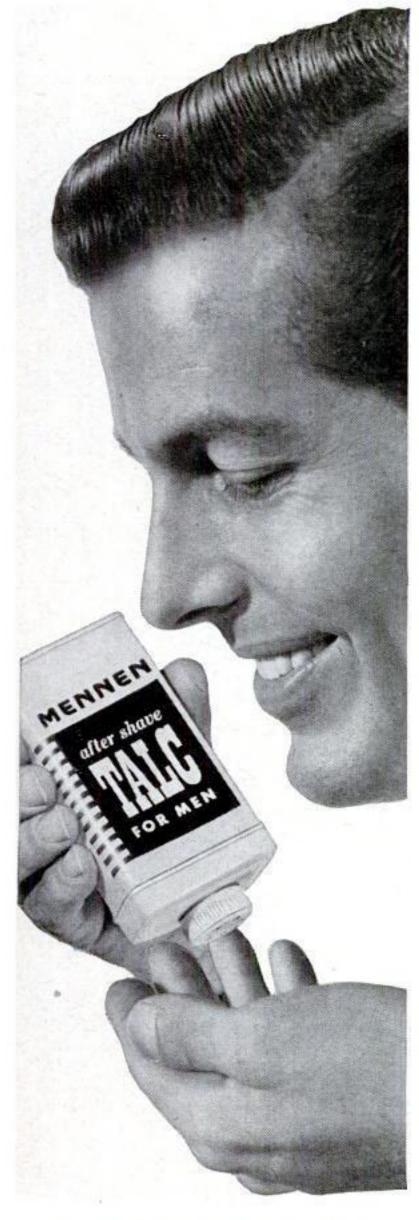






AFTER SHAVING

Dims Shine Feels Fine Doesn't Show



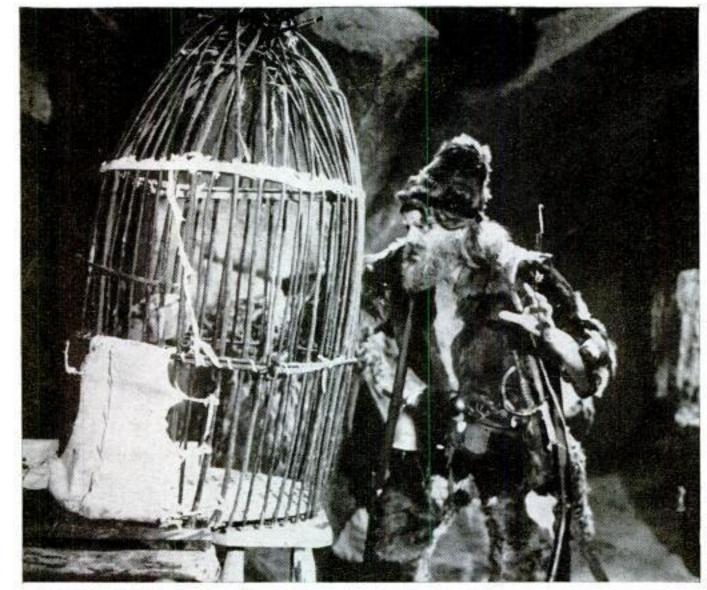
Finishing touch for every shave! Neutral tint - won't show on your face. Helps cover nicks, blemishes. Finest Italian Talc - hammerized for ultra fine texture! Crisp scent!

P. S. Also try new white Mennen Bath Talc for Men!



Also available in Canada

'CRUSOE' CONTINUED



FRIGHTENED by cannibals, Crusoe shushes noisy parrot threatening to give him away. But cannibals' presence shocks him out of his near insanity.



ENRAGED despite craving for companionship, Crusoe almost throttles Friday who he thinks wants to kill him. Later they learn to trust one another.



RESCUED at last, Crusoe and Friday leave on ship whose captain they have saved from mutinous crew. Mutineers are left behind on Crusoe's island farm.



physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!

NEW MINTS Medically Proven Quickly RID STOMACH

The very instant they reach of GAS your stomach these new mints

go to work-rid your stomach of painful excess acid fast! That's because new BiSoDoL® Mints contain incredibly fast BiSoDoL medication—the kind doctors recommend. Don't suffer acid indigestion, heartburn, gas. And don't rely on candycounter remedies that are over half plain sugar! Feel wonderful fast with new, medically-proven





CLASSIC-COLLAR SUIT, CURVING POCKETS



POCKETS REPEAT CURVED YOKE DETAIL



INTERESTING DOUBLE YOKE, SLOT POCKETS



HORSESHOE-COLLAR SUIT HAS THE QUALITY LOOK TYPICAL OF SACONY \$25 GROUP



GOOD SHAPING THROUGH WAIST AND HIPS



YOUNG ROUND COLLAR, BRACKET POCKETS



TWEEDY TEXTURED FABRIC, EXCELLENT FIT

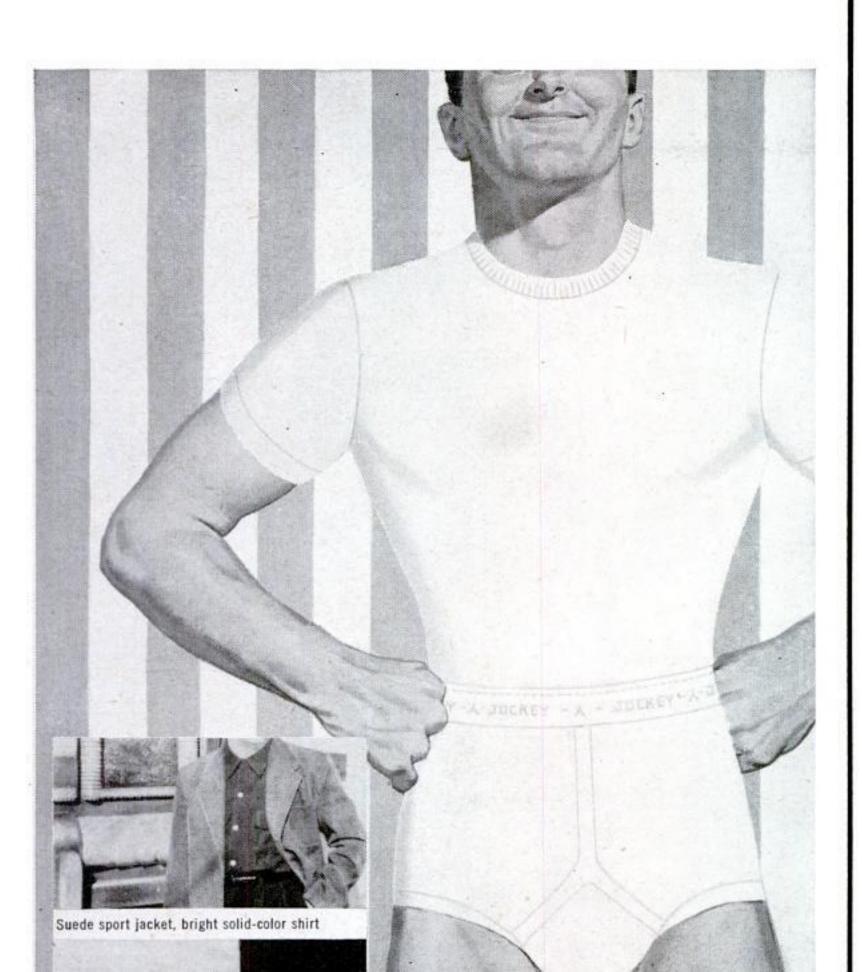
New \$25 suits are Sacony triumph

HAVE HIGH FASHION AND QUALITY LOOK AT PHENOMENALLY LOW PRICE

Last week the rumours were flying thick and fast. Then the story broke as fashion experts scratched their heads and asked admiringly, "What will they come up with next?" In this case the "they" refers to Sacony, widely known makers of women's and children's apparel. And what Sacony "came up with" may well go down as the biggest fashion achievement of the season. Long respected as suitmakers, Sacony determined to make history by bringing out the first really good Fall suit at \$25. How well they have succeeded can be judged by the fine collec-

tion on this page. From fabric (richly textured rayon suitings) to fashion, these suits have an air of solid quality that will endear them to women who can easily pay three and four times this price for a suit. But the greater achievement, Sacony feels, lies in bringing good suits within easy reach of the budgeting brackets. Suits are unlined for under-coat comfort, come in excellent Fall colors. Most styles in misses and petite sizes, many in half sizes as well. Suits available this week at stores around the country, or write Sacony, College Point, Long Island, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENT: copyrighted by Sacony



Nubby Tyrolean hat with colorful feather



Soft wool Argyles, two-tie moccasins

instyle

TO BE COMFORTABLE

More than ever before, the season's news in men's styles is the *casual*, *comfortable* look. And an important part of that "at ease" appearance comes from Jockey brand underwear... the first underwear *tailored* to fit the male body!

Jockey shorts are right for every type of wear... perfect for active sports wear. Features like these make Jockey shorts unequalled today: heat-resistant rubber in waistband stays lively longer... Nobelt strip rubber in leg openings won't sag or bind... exclusive angled front opening can't gap. Jockey T-shirts are made extra long to stay in place no matter how your body moves. Nylon-content collar keeps its shape through washing after washing.

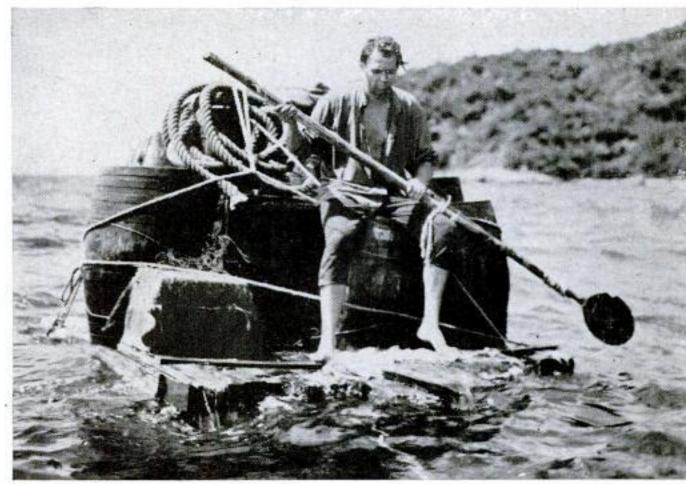
Wear Jockey T-shirts with Jockey shorts—Don't settle for less... make sure the label says "Jockey"!

Jockey underwear made only by Coopera &

All the world wears Jockey! Cooper's, Incorporated—Kenesha, Wis.

Licensees and registered users: Canada: J.R. Moodie Company, Limited; Australia: Speedo Knitting Mills; British Isles: Lyle & Scott; New Zealand: Lane, Walker, Rudkin; Switzerland: Vollmoeller; France; Verdier; Colombia: Textiles, Ego; Italy; Sacit; Denmark: Taco; So. Africa: Ninian & Lester; Germany: Volma; Austria: Josef Huber's Erben; Ireland: Dublin Shirt & Collar Company.

'CRUSOE' CONTINUED



SHIPWRECKED CRUSOE arriving at island paddles homemade raft loaded with stores salvaged from wrecked vessel before it breaks apart on rocks.



CASTAWAY KITTENS are born long after wreck to ship's lone cat. Their paternity is one mystery Crusoe could never solve before leaving the island.



DEATH OF DOG, Robinson Crusoe's faithful Rex, means the end of his last real companionship for two years until arrival of his cannibal friend Friday.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Semisilent 'Crusoe'

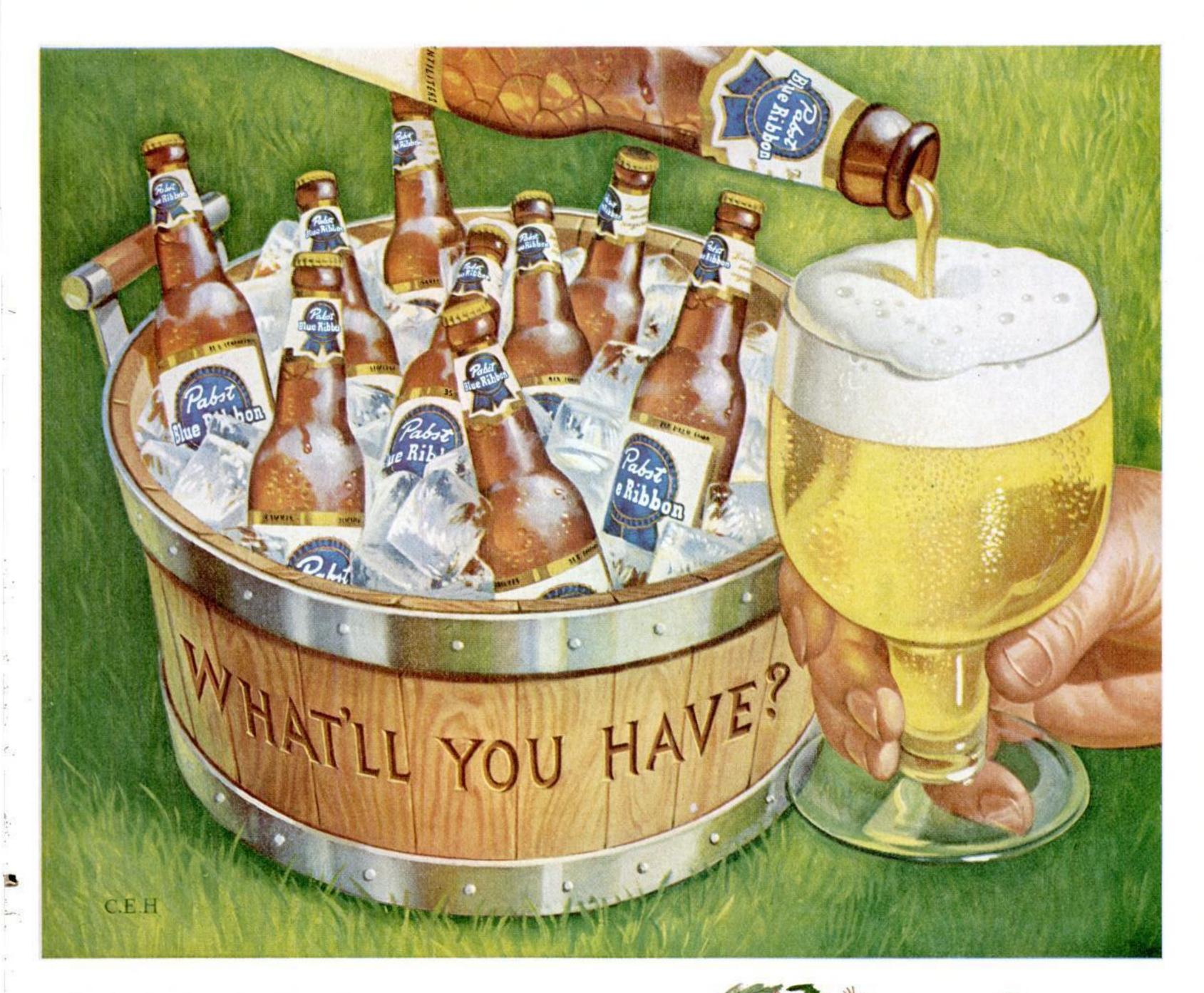
EXCITING NEW FILM HAS ONLY 800 WORDS

Following Daniel Defoe's 235-year-old classic with faithfulness, a onetime surrealist named Luis Bunuel has made an exciting and imaginative new movie version of The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Produced on a shoestring with a little-known Irish actor named Dan O'Herlihy in the title role and shot in a wild, vermin-infested jungle in Mexico, the new Crusoe (there have been six since 1916) successfully overcomes an even greater difficulty - keeping one actor on the screen for 90 minutes, the first 60 of it all alone, without boring its audience. Director Bunuel does it with visual and aural devices, including echoes and two effective dream sequences as Actor O'Herlihy moves brilliantly through the castaway's 28 years of loneliness and intermittent madness. The picture, released by United Artists, has only 800 spoken words, a fine formula for filmmakers to follow if they can manage to accompany the silence with such telling action.



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S MAN FRIDAY (JAMES FERNANDEZ) BENDS IN SUPPLICATION UNDER MASTER'S FOOT AS CRUSOE RESCUES HIM FROM FELLOW CANNIBALS





Make your picnic extra nice
With Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer on ice
Show your friends you really care—With the



There's nothing more satisfying on a hot summer day than a glass of cold beer. And the better the beer, the greater the satisfaction you get from drinking it. That's why millions 'round the world insist on extra smooth, extra satisfying Pabst Blue Ribbon. Discover for yourself the distinctive, refreshing flavor of Pabst Blue Ribbon today!



What'll You Have?

. . . Everybody Wants It!

SUPER KEM-TONE



... Decorating Magic You Roll On Your Walls To Make Your Rooms Lovely and Distinctive!

You can't compare it with anything you've ever seen before, because there's never been anything like it. You really have to see Applikay, to realize how lovely it is, for no photograph can exactly reproduce its exquisite, subtle beauty!

So don't wait. See your nearest Super Kem-Tone Dealer today . . . discover the many thrillingly different effects you can achieve in your home with Applikay rolled over Super Kem-Tone.

It's magic anyone can work. You need no special skill. The secret is a remarkable new product and a new design roller. You start with Super Kem-Tone in any color you want. An hour later . . . or within 3 weeks . . . you roll on Applikay in the design and color you choose. It bonds itself firmly to Super Kem-Tone . . . smooth as printed silk. When dry, it's completely washable. And the effects are so exquisite, they actually give a new dimension to wall beauty.

AT LEADING PAINT, HARDWARE, LUMBER AND DEPARTMENT STORES, EVERYWHERE

MADE AND DISTRIBUTED BY THE ALLIED PAINT LEADERS OF THE WORLD . . .

The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Acme Quality Paints, Inc., Detroit

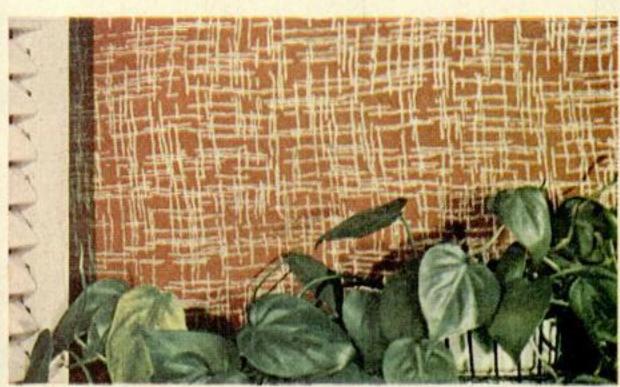
W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh

The Lowe Brothers Co., Dayton

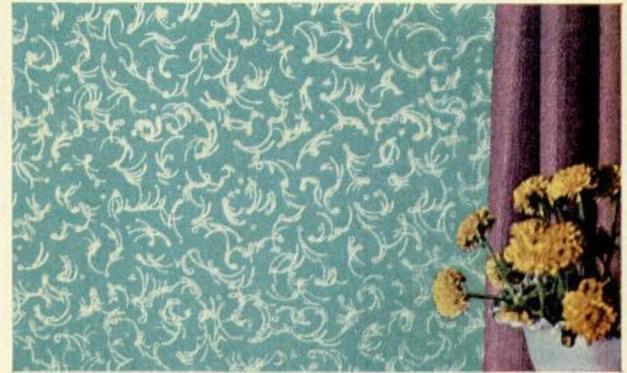
John Lucas & Co., Inc., Philadelphia

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